

NUMBERS



Numbers by Zootopia123

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Summary: A year after Eleven's disappearance, Mike tries a last plan to recover his friend. When put into practice, a new person with a curious tattoo appears, bringing information that can shake the small town of Hawkins.

1. Chapter 1

I am not fluent in English, so the translation will be done through google translate. I ask your patience for reading since many errors will be caused because of the online translation. Thank you!

November 6, 1984.

Hawkins, Indiana.

The feeling came back as it did every day a little over a week ago.

Mike Wheeler was being watched and he knew it. Unlike Luke, which was always very logical, Mike followed his instincts and usually got along very well. The hairs on the back of his neck, his racing heart, and the feeling of having his blood being frozen were enough to let him know he was not going crazy.

First he thought he was just paranoid. It was a completely normal reaction after the traumatic situation he lived a year ago. Dustin agreed with this idea, after Mike commented on his feelings.

"Maybe it's just stress," commented his friend. "You know ... it's been a year since. We're all going through this, I can not sleep well sometimes. "

But Mike knew it was not just about stress. There was something that kept him from believing he was just losing his mind. Looking over his shoulder, as usual, he saw nothing suspicious. The empty courtyard of his school looked back at him, almost as if it were making fun of him.

A small chest tightening reappeared as he stared at the empty trees and tables. With a sad sigh, he tried to ignore the fact that he still hoped to find those beautiful brown eyes watching him when he turned around.

Do not go there, murmured his unconscious. Do not do this to yourself.

But Mike could not help it. Even after a year she was still on his

mind, every second of the day. It was hard to forget her because he saw her everywhere. In the waffles he ate for breakfast, in the shaved hair of his classmates, in the pink dresses of the girls he saw on the street, and in all the promises he had a chance to witness.

His chest ached as the rest of his body went numb. The hope of her return fought against the logic of her death. She was strong, ambitious, so intelligent that it made him jaw drop. She could not simply be dead.

But she just disappeared in front of you, a small voice whispered in his mind. She's only thirteen, just like you. How would she survive for so long in the upside down?

Mike squeezed his eyes shut. Do not give up, do not give up, do not give up. You promised her, you can not just give up saving her.

A hand on his shoulder sent him a slight leap. Turning, he came face to face with Dustin, who was staring at him, his brow furrowed.

"It's all right? I called you several times," he asked. Mike nodded, trying to get those cruel thoughts out of his mind.

Lucas and Will were a little behind, both on their bikes. "Are you coming or not?" Lucas shouted impatiently. Mike got up and tossed his bag over his shoulder.

"Did you get everything?" He asked. Will nodded, opening his own bag and showing him the inside.

"It's all here," he replied. "Coats, lanterns, even a little food if she's hungry."

Mike smiled and picked up his own bike that was leaning against the wall. The four friends began to walk in silence, until Dustin began to speak:

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" He asked. In return he received reproachful looks. "I'm sorry, I know I've asked this a million times, but I can not stop thinking it can go very wrong."

"It's because it can," replied Will. "This may be the worst plan in

history, but that's all we have. Eleven saved us, Dustin, saved me and she did not even know me. I think the least we can do is try to save her too. "

Lucas nodded his head. "We're probably going to end up dead, but it's been a year now, and we're running out of ideas. We've been looking through the woods for weeks, we've been trying to use the radio for months, even the lights that Will has been able to communicate have failed. "

"I know, it's just ... I do not know if keeping a secret was a good idea. We should have told Nancy or Jonathan or ... "

"Ah, because that was a great idea on the first try," Mike scoffed. "Remember how Nancy reacted when she found out we were going to the forest? I think it was possible to hear her screams in China. "

"And when Jonathan saw the lights hanging around the house?" Said Lucas. "I thought he was going to have a heart attack."

"My mother and Hopper would never let us go," Will concluded. "They would lock us up at home until we were thirty."

Dustin sighed and gave up. A shiver ran through his body as their aim finally appeared on the horizon.

The National Laboratory and Hawkins Energy Company.

"Holy shit," he murmured. They were actually doing it. They were going to die, my God, they were going to die for sure.

The lab had been abandoned since Eleven's disappearance. When the Demogorgon attacked and murdered all those people, the scientists and agents disappeared into the air, too frightened to stay and try to find the girl with super powers. The place was then set aside and now owned even graffiti on its walls.

The boys came in through the gate broken by the vandals. The silence was deafening and the place grew darker as the sun went down and the night rose.

"Here we are," Mike said of his breathing. He then looked at his

friends. "Are you sure about that?" Everyone nodded, even Dustin, though he was shaking from head to toe.

The four walked slowly, all looking around with frightened eyes. As they entered, they faced the dirty walls covered with cobwebs. The only audible sound was they own footsteps echoing around.

"God, this place gives me shivers," Lucas said with a chill. Will nodded, feeling extremely sick. He would not admit it, but perhaps he was more afraid than Dustin. He did not want to go back to that place. If there was one thing he certainly did not want to do, it was that. But what choice did he have? He could not leave Eleven there. One week was enough to keep him awake every night with nightmares. Will could not imagine what a hell of a year would be like.

They kept walking in silence, afraid of being lost. The place was huge and none of them knew exactly where to go. Several minutes passed until they felt they were close.

"There are more cameras in this area," Lucas commented. "There must be something important around here." The boys continued until they heard something that froze their blood. One voice.

"That's a waste of time," said a man not far from them. "I'm not going to risk my fucking life because of some freak that got lost."

"If you want the money, you will," answered another voice. Mike silently glanced at the next corridor and returned quickly. Two men stood there, arguing, near a huge metal door. "Fuck, it's fucking money. We could leave this place and finally have the life we deserve. "

"It's no use making money if you're dead," argued the other. "This story sucks. I do not want to do this anymore. I'm leaving".

The four looked at each other and ran in the other direction. They tried to remain silent as they ran desperately, looking back sometimes. All was lost when they turned a corridor and came face to face with another man, who spoke on his walkie talkie and did not look at them.

"I'm late, damn it, I'm sorry," he cursed. "Do not let him leave, it's a lot of money, if he leaves we're fucked ...". The man looked up and came face to face with four frozen teenagers in place. "What the fuck is that?",

That woke them up. Turning on their backs, they ran quickly in the other direction, while the third man shouted on his walkie talkie: "There are children here! They saw me! We're fucked up if they can get away! "

The boys ran faster than they could. Their legs burned, their lungs failed, and yet they continued. Dustin repeated it over and over again: "We're going to die! We're going to die! "And this went through the rest of the group as they faced a locked door.

"What now?" Asked Mike desperately. The doorknob would not open the door no matter how many times he tried. "What do we do?".

Before anyone could respond, they heard something behind them.

"Psst, boys!"

They turned and collided. There was a girl of Nancy's age. Thin face and body, curly shoulder length hair, huge trousers that obviously did not belong to him, and tennis shoes falling apart.

"Come with me!" She said and ran off. It took half a second for everyone to start chasing after her. Anything was better than staying there.

"Here!" Murmured the stranger and entered a room. The boys followed her and found a window with broken glass and a broken bolt. She approached them and placed the key of a car in Will's hand. "There's a white car a block over here. Come in and wait for me there. I'm going to unleash them. "

Without waiting for an answer she ran out of the room, leaving the boys alone.

"Should we trust her?" Will asked shakily.

"And what choice do we have?" Dustin argued. "I'd rather live, then

excuse me." He went out the window and was followed by his friends. The four of them ran through the forest until they found the car. They stood there, locked inside, trembling as the adrenaline rush past until someone slammed frantically against the glass.

They let the girl in and handed her the key. She sat in the driver's seat and put the key in the ignition.

"Which one of you is home alone today?" she asked looking at Mike beside him and the boys behind. They did not respond and she hit the wheel.

"Shit, you want them to find us? They are following us. "

"I'm alone," murmured Will softly. "My house...".

"I know where you live," she cut him off and rolled up the sleeves of her coat. Mike opened his mouth to ask how the hell she knew where his friend lived when his heart stopped.

The tattoo on her rescuer's left arm was small, simple and made him almost faint.

07.

2. Chapter 2

The car remained in brief silence as the unknown girl drove. Thoughts passed frantically on Mike's head, so fast that he felt dizzy.

She had a tattoo. In the same place and in the same way Eleven had. Was she like Eleven? And where did she come from? How did she know where they were? How did she know where Will ...

"It was you who was watching me," he concluded suddenly. His friends looked at Mike confused as the girl just raised her eyebrow. "I knew I was not going crazy. Someone had been watching me for over a week and it was you! "

Her lips pulled up slightly and she looked up at him from the corner of her eyes. "I've been watching all of you," she replied. Dustin gasped and Lucas let out a slight, 'what?' "It seems like you're just the most aware of things."

"But why?" Asked Will softly. "Why are you following us? Who are you? What...".

A loud noise interrupted his questions. Something slammed into the back of the car, making the stranger almost lose control. The boys looked back and found another car, where they were the three men they had met in the laboratory.

"You son of a bitch!" Grunted the girl before turning back. "I'll have to accelerate, boys. Hold firm on ... ".

"THEY HAVE A GUN!" Shouted Dustin the second the rear window exploded into hundreds of pieces of glass. The car skidded violently to the right, entering a dirt road. The boys screamed and the driver accelerated even more.

"Get down now!" She said, putting her hand on Mike's head and pushing him down. The boys also bent down, tight and frightened.

"And you ?!" Mike shouted with his hands covering his ears.

"Don't pay attention to me!" She shouted back, looking back as more

bullets struck the side of the car. "Stay down and protect yourself!"

She kept driving, the car going from one side to the other, trying to stop the bullets from hitting anyone. She spotted a thicket ahead and looked at the boys.

"I'm going to get the car in that bush. Maybe I can leave them behind, I saw their car, it's falling apart. I do not think they could- OH SHIT! "

A bullet went into the car and scratched at her arm. The fabric of the coat tore, the flesh of the arm opened into a huge wound and blood began to gush. To Mike's surprise, she did not scream or start crying. She only rolled her eyes, extremely irritated, and kept driving.

The car entered the bush with violence and shook all the members. The men who pursued them broke off shortly, and there they remained, shouting cursing and threatening death. On the steering wheel, the girl laughed, despite the open wound in her body.

"You can stand up boys," she said. "They're gone."

They did as she asked and the silence remained for a few seconds.

"That was ..." Dustin whispered. "Fucking cool!"

"Are you crazy?" Lucas shouted back. "We almost died!"

"And? Did you see how she drove? Fuck, it looked like Star Wars. They shooting at us with lasers, only in case they were bullets and she was driving the space ship like it was the easiest thing in the world, except in the case it was a car ... "

"You're crazy! Completely crazy!" Lucas argued. "We could have taken a shot! Holy shit, she got shot! "

All four looked at the girl in amazement. In response she just shrugged.

"I'll be fine, do not worry."

"How are you going to be okay?" Mike argued. "You were shot, we need to go to a hospital."

"No, no hospitals," she said harshly. "I'm taking you guys home and we'll talk there. There's only one thing ... "She looked at the four boys and asked, " Which one of you is Will Byers? "

The boys looked at each other and then glanced at Will, who flinched at the seat.

"It's me," he said with frightened eyes.

"Really?" Said the girl raising both eyebrows. She then looked at Mike. "I thought it was you. Well, it does not matter. Hello Will, it's a pleasure to finally meet you, I'm sorry you had to have been in this very complicated situation. "

"How do you know who I am?" He asked curiously. Lucas and Dustin looked at them both as if watching a game of ping-pong. Mike, unlike them, stared at the driver with suspicious eyes.

"How could I not know you, boy?" she replied with a smile. "It is not every day that someone returns from the dead."

They all remained silent until they reached the residence of the Byers. After the car parked, everyone got off. The street was lit by a lamppost and the moon. The only sound was the crickets.

"Come into the house. Are you sure we're alone? "Asked the girl, walking to the trunk. Will nodded and the boys watched as she opened the trunk of the car. She took from there a backpack she had tossed over her shoulder and a large, long suitcase, like the ones used in camps.

"Are you sure it's a good idea to let her in?" Lucas asked Will in a low voice. Will shrugged.

"Not really, but I think if we run she can reach us," he replied.

"Let her in," Mike said. The other three looked shocked and then suspicious. "Just ... just trust me, okay? I know this is all too weird, but I need you to trust me. "

"Mike, she's a stranger! She saved us and we should thank her, but we do not know who she is, where she came from or why she is here.

She just admitted to being following us for days, what the fuck is that? "

"Are you coming or not?" Asked the girl leaning against the door of the house. The boys looked at each other and Lucas swallowed.

"Look lady, I think you'd better go. I know you saved us and I thank you, but we do not know you and I do not think it's a good idea to let you in. I mean, you just admitted that you've been following us for days ... I do not see a reason Will will let you in. "

There was no answer for a few seconds. With a sigh, the stranger moved to the boys and stared at them. Then she lifted the left sleeve of her coat (which had fallen during the confusion) and showed the tattoo to them.

"Is that enough of a motive for you?" she asked. All the boys stop breathing and they stared at the tattoo and then at her face for a while.

"You ... you ... you ..." stammered Lucas.

"Are you like her?" Will said over his breath.

"HOLY SHIT!" Dustin shouted, putting his hands in his hair. "You're like Eleven! You have a tattoo like her! Mike, do you see that? Oh my God!".

Mike stood still, staring at the stranger in the eyes. She smiled at him and inclined her head toward the house.

"I think I have a lot to explain to you," she said. "Come in, please. You can call me Seven. "

Thank you! Hope you guys enjoy this new chapter and please let me know!

So who is Seven and what does she want with Will? I really want to know what's going on in your head!

Your opinion is really important to me.

3. Chapter 3

The house was dark, warm and silent. The group walked in slowly, making sure they were really alone. Will remained silent, his body anesthetized by surprise, while Dustin spoke so fast that it was difficult to understand him:

"I'm in shock ... I thought Eleven was the only one with powers! Where do you come from? Do you have powers like her? I do not even know what to say ... How do you know Will? Do you move things with the mind? You speak very well to someone who lived years in prison ... Did you run away? They set you free? Why does not your car have the license plate? "

"Dustin, for Christ's sake, shut up!" Lucas shouted, covering his ears with his hands. "I'm getting a headache from hearing you talk."

"One question at a time, kid," Seven said with a slight smile. She acted on the defensive, looking around curiously and apprehensively, like someone who is accustomed to surprise attacks. She threw the smaller bag into a chair and the larger one on the floor, which made such a loud noise that the boys were startled.

"Sorry," Dustin murmured a little embarrassed. "It's just that this is ... it's too much. We thought Eleven was the only one with powers and was trapped in a lab ... Wait, you got stuck in a lab like that, right? "

Seven nodded slightly and sat down in an armchair. The four boys sat on the couch and looked at her expectantly. With an embarrassed smile, the girl propped her elbows on her knees.

"It's a long story, but it's important that you guys know that we can help each other," she said. "I was raised in a laboratory across the country all my life. They gave me the name of Seven and I was used for scientific and anatomical experiments. My ... my powers are not like Eleven's, not at all. "

"Do you have different powers?" Lucas exclaimed excitedly.

"Remember the shot I took?" She asked. The boys nodded so quickly

that the movement ruffled their hair. Seven paused for a moment, but took off her coat and turned her right arm for the boys to look at.

Mike's eyes nearly jumped out. Where once there was a huge, bloody and painful wound was now pale skin, smooth, healthy and completely perfect. The wound was gone.

"But ... But ... what?" He stammered. Will's jaw was down, Lucas had his hands over his mouth and Dustin was so shocked that he let out a nervous laugh.

"Are you Wolverine?" He asked in astonishment. Seven laughed and seemed more relaxed.

"Just the healing part, kid," he replied. "My power is that of regeneration. My body is able to create new cells that will recompose the injured site 100,000 times faster than that of a normal person. I...".

"Even if someone stabs you?" Will asked.

"Yes. The bruises ... "

"What if someone breaks your bones?" Said Lucas.

"I just need to put the bone back ..."

"What if the bullet gets inside your body?" Dustin said so excitedly that his hands were flying around.

"I need to take it off. Sometimes the body can do it alone, but depending on the depth I ... ".

"And you feel pain?" Now it was Mike's turn. The four of them started talking all at once, trying to run over each other with their questions.

"Boys, please!" Seven shouted at the discussion. They stilled and looked at her. "I'll tell you everything, I promise. Just ... Let me talk. I feel the pain just like you. Every injury and accident will hurt like in a normal person, the difference is that it goes much faster. Mind you, if you had taken the shot like I did, you'd have to take stitches to close the wound and spend weeks with the pain in your arm. In a few

minutes my skin and muscles return to normal and I feel nothing more. The time varies depending on the level of the injury. Shallow cuts can disappear in seconds, while deeper cuts need minutes. Shots in which the bullet lodges in my body depend on the bullet leaving, as long as it remains the body is not able to recover. Hemorrhages and internal injuries are the most complicated. They last for hours, at most one day. Are you following? "

They nodded and Seven could not tell if the expressions on their faces were of terror or wonder. Maybe both. She was quiet for a few minutes, wondering what to say to the boys. She did not want them to ask how she knew all about the powers themselves. They were young, just kids. She did not want to traumatize them by telling how she had been left alone and bleeding, while scientists watched behind the glass how long the internal bleeding would last. How she had all the bones of her body broken so that they would know how long the body would react if all the bones broke at the same time. How she wished that the power would go away and she would just die the next time they shot her in the head.

She would not count those parts.

"About three and a half years ago things in the lab started to look different," she said, changing the subject. "I began to notice that there were fewer security guards at the scene. They still accompanied me everywhere, still standing in front of my bedroom door every day and night, but instead of three men, only two appeared. Two men went to one and this one turned into newer security guards, who were with me less time. I believed, at first, that it was some test, something to test me ... But then two things started to happen. "

She paused for words.

"The tests have changed. They were no more ... to test my abilities. They began to be less physical and more psychic. They ... They started injecting blood into me. "

"Wait, what?" Gaspd Mike. Seven sighed.

"Blood transfusion. I never needed it, blood is something that my body is quite capable of replenishing itself and they knew it. And

since they stopped the physical tests, I was not even hurt anymore. But they gave me the blood every day and then stopped for a while, waiting for some reaction. Nothing happened in the first two months, but then ... I started having strange dreams. Every night I found myself in a dark and cold infinity, completely alone. I screamed for help and only heard my own voice echoing in the void. Sometimes I would run so hard in the dreams that I would wake up with my tired and aching legs. They noticed that the test was working. It was not possible to see, but I know they had cameras in the room where I slept. But in a way, the scientists seemed very frustrated when I told them I was always alone. "

"At the same time, the new security guards seemed increasingly unprepared. They forgot to lock the doors sometimes, they talked to each other all the time, they made jokes about me ... I believe they did not tell them the real reason they were there. Maybe they thought I was just some child with no future who was there because I committed some atrocity or whatever. They did not stay together during the tests, only the oldest security guards, who were few. The dreams got worse as time went on, they were longer lasting. After six months, I started to make a plan to get away. "

Seven paused to catch up. The memories she had tried to forget flooded her mind so hard that she began to sweat cold. The boys noticed and Lucas put his hand lightly on her knee, making her jump.

"It's okay," he muttered. She looked at the boys and stood up.

"I just need to get a glass of water," she said, going into the kitchen. The boys looked at each other and sighed.

"God, what a mess," sighed Dustin, putting his face in his hands. A deadly silence lingered as the group tried to process Seven's words. When she returned, her hands still trembled, but she was able to speak again:

"There was this guard ..." she swallowed hard. "It was he who stood in front of my door at night. He was new to the job and was the only one nice to me. I started trying to start a friendship with him, or something. Maybe he felt sorry for me. " She stopped talking, measuring the information. She would not tell the boys that the man

was twice her age and liked to touch her when no one looked. They were children, and they did not need to know that part. "He said ... He said he would help me get away. That he felt sorry for me, that he would adopt me and that his wife would take care of me. I believed him and we planned how he would get me out of there. Few guards stayed overnight, just enough to keep someone from entering and monitoring the cameras. We agreed that he would drug the camera man and turn them off, then he would take me out of the cell and escape through an emergency door, that a friend of his was on the lookout. "

"The same night I had a dream. But that was different because I was not alone. A little girl with scraped hair appeared. "

"El!" Mike said of his breathing. His heart beat frantically. "It was Eleven!"

"Yes, it was," said Seven. "She looked as lost as I and trembled from head to toe. She seemed to be ... fleeing. She was running so fast I barely saw her walk past me. She was so small and thin that if it was not the only thing there besides me, she would easily disappear. I screamed, but I think she was so scared she did not listen to me. When I started to run after her, I noticed two things: the ground was full of water and there was ... There was this huge creature running after her."

"Demogorgon!" Dustin said grabbing Lucas's arm. Seven frowned and looked confused.

"Demogorgon?" she asked.

"We know the creature," Will said so softly that Seven almost did not hear him. He looked paler and quivered. "That's the way we call it."

"Well ... I ran after her, despite the monster. It was the first time I had seen someone in my dreams and she ... she was so much like me. She wore the same clothes, had the same hair shaved and she looked so scared. God, she was so scared I just could not leave her there. "She paused and closed her eyes. "The creature saw me and started to run towards me. I did not move. I think my brain could not process exactly what was happening, because I did not move a muscle while

that creature ran toward me. " Or maybe it was that familiar numbness that came before they hurt her. Her body, so battered for years, knew that the pain would come and just did not care anymore. That fact was on the list of things she had left out of the story. "But when he touched me, two things happened one after another: his claws passed me, as if I were a ghost, and soon after I woke up."

"But what about El ?!" Mike asked, standing up quickly. "What happened to her?"

"I don't know! I don't know! " Said Seven standing up as well. "That was a little over two years ago, kid. I woke up so confused, I did not know who she was and why she was there and I wanted to see her again, but the guard was already knocking at my door. I was so desperate to get out of that place that I ... I just ignored the dream and went with him. As we agreed, he doped the guard and turned off all the cameras. He led me through the corridors, saying he was going to take me to the exit ... But he was not."

Mike sat up, but Seven stood. She paced back and forth, staring into every corner of the room except for the boys.

"He took me to this ... room. It was the one they usually put me when they transfused blood. I asked him why we were there, where it was the exit and he ... he laughed at me. "Her eyes were clouded and angry. "He called me stupid and bragged at how he deceived me. He never planned to get me out of there, he never planned to save me. He planned ... " *use another word, any other, they are children, use another word ...* Hurt me. He would kill me later and accuse me of attacking him and would say that he only defended himself. He thought I was just a troublemaker, so no one would miss me. "

"Holy shit," sighed Lucas. Will had a hand on his forehead, Dustin shook his head, and Mike's eyes widened as he stopped breathing.

"He pulled a gun and pointed it at me. I think ... "She let out a dry, sad laugh. "I think I frightened him enough when I attacked him instead of running away. He was probably expecting me to cry or beg, but I grabbed the first thing I found next to me and stuck it in his chest. "

The air came out of the boys' lungs and they stared at the girl with their mouths open. She closed her eyes tightly and pressed her lips together.

"I did not ... I-I did not mean to ..." Her hands shook and she looked at the boys desperate. "I did not want to kill him. I had never killed anyone, I just wanted to protect myself. I was so close to running away, I could not die. "

Will jumped up and hugged Seven by the waist. She was frightened and just stood there staring at him with wide eyes. A smile appeared on the other boys' faces. Will, among all of them, was the most sensitive. He felt the pain of others, he took them as if they were his. Not surprisingly, after this story, he felt this huge tightness in her chest and needed to hold her.

"It's all right," he murmured, his face buried in her belly. She was much taller than Will. "Do not be like that, please. Come, let's get a glass of water. "

He led her to the kitchen and the boys got up. They were about to follow them when the noise of a car made their heart fall on their ankles.

"Will?" Jonathan shouted from his car. "What car is this out here? Will?".

Jesus, that was hard! I hope you guys enjoy this really important chapter! I hope that everything has become very clear and that has excited the your curiosity!

See you soon!

Kisses 3

4. Chapter 4

"Jonathan!" Exclaimed all the boys at once. They beat each other in an attempt to leave the room.

"Will, are you okay?!" Jonathan shouted from the outside. After seeing a car with broken windows and no plaque in the garden while his little brother was alone at home, Jonathan was so desperate that he did not even think about the keys that were in his pocket. He forced the knob and started knocking on the door.

"What do we do?" Lucas asked, looking at Will. Seven looked at the door apprehensively.

"Is this the guy who lives with you?" she asked.

"It's my brother Jonathan," explained the boy. "It's better to let him in, he's been very scared when it comes to me since I disappeared a year ago."

Seven pursed her lips and began to kick her feet. "Is he reliable?" she asked.

"Reliable?" Will said confused. "Well, he's my brother, he knows about Eleven and the Demogorgon, I think ..."

"No," Seven cut. "That's not what I meant. If I explain everything to him, can you give me the complete certainty that he will keep it a secret?"

Seven did not trust people easily. After years of being treated worse than a lab rat and being deceived by the one person she believed it wanted her good, the girl thought many times before reaching out. Of course, she trusted the sweet lady who'd saved her by the side of the road and she trusted the boys. But for this she had to watch them for days, see their routine, how they interacted and how they dealt with problems.

They were good boys and she had faith in them, as she never had in anyone. If Will trusted Jonathan, then Seven would trust him too.

Will could not answer the question. He and Jonathan have always been very close and have always protected and cared for each other. After Will's disappearance, he noticed that his brother was even more protective. He would get him wherever he needed it, even if it meant a two-hour drive, he was always worried if Will was feeling well and hiding a few times in the middle of the night for Will's room, just to make sure he was still there.

The old Jonathan would have kept it a secret in the blink of an eye. But now, Will could not tell if his brother would be quiet if he thought Seven's presence was a risk to him.

Before he could open his mouth, Jonathan (outside) remembered his keys and entered the house. He came face to face with Mike, Lucas and Dustin, who had just returned from the kitchen and were trying to pretend there was nothing wrong.

"Oh!" He exclaimed. "Hi boys, I did not know you were going to sleep here today ...".

"Oh, hello Jonathan!" Said Dustin, putting his hand on his chest. He held with his other hand a book he had found on the living room table. "I did not even see you coming in."

Lucas rolled his eyes and Mike slapped his forehead. Jonathan frowned and closed the door.

"Did not you hear me scream and knock on the door out here?" He asked suspiciously. Blood rose on Dustin's face and he gave a nervous laugh.

"It's just ... Well, I ..." he stammered. Jonathan raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms.

"And why is the magazine that Mike is reading upside down?" He asked, making Mike blush to the roots of his hair. "And where is my brother?"

Will sighed and looked at Seven. Both were hidden behind the kitchen wall, next to the telephone.

"Yes," he whispered. Seven looked up and raised her eyebrows. "Yes,

he would keep it a secret. For me he would. I promise".

"Look, Jonathan..." Lucas started from the chair where he sat. "We... We wanted...".

"It's okay," said Will, entering the room. The boys looked surprised and Jonathan went to his brother.

"What's going on, Will? Are you alright? There's a car out there, the windows are broken, it looks like bullet marks on the bodywork, I was scared. "

"I'm sorry," Will said, hugging his brother. "I am fine. I'll explain everything to you, but I need you to promise not to freak out. "

"Will ..." said Jonathan disapprovingly. "What is going on? What did you guys get ready for this time? "

"Just listen to us, please!" Begged Mike, standing up and standing in front of Jonathan.

"You'll understand everything, but you must listen first," said Lucas, standing up as well.

"Please, promise!" Dustin murmured.

Jonathan opened his mouth to argue, but he saw the four boys with their hands clasped together, begging him to hear them. With a sigh, he nodded.

Will walked back, his eyes still on his brother and the palms of his hands show him.

"Okay, just ... Do not say anything," he said slowly. Then he turned to the kitchen and waved. "Come. I will not let him tell, I promise. "

Jonathan's eyes widened as an unfamiliar girl appeared. This was much worse than he had imagined. It was not as if they had broken Joyce's favorite vase, killed a class to ride a bike or get into a fight at school. There was a person in their house. An unknown girl in wide, filthy clothes leaning against the wall and looking at him blankly.

He opened his mouth to scream, but Will covered it with both hands.

"You promised! You promised! You promised!" He shouted, almost climbing over Jonathan. He closed his eyes and counted to ten.

"Okay, Will ..." he said, trying to control himself. "Who is this?"

"She..." Mike said slowly. "... She's a friend of ours."

"And how did you meet her?" Jonathan asked, folding his arms. The boys looked at each other nervously. Nobody knew about their plan. Everyone had agreed to tell their parents that they were going to sleep at Will's house (who said nothing, since he knew Jonathan and Joyce would be working late). They knew Jonathan would freak out if he knew, but they promised they would tell him everything and they never broke a promise.

"We met her today when she saved us after our plan to find Eleven went awry," Dustin said quickly and with his eyes closed. The air became uncomfortably quiet, and Jonathan grew redder.

"Plan? What plan?! "

"We... we..."

"Will ..."

"We went to the lab where Eleven got stuck!" Lucas shouted. His own hands covered his mouth and a vein began to throb on Jonathan's forehead.

"Did you go there?!" he shouted. "Alone? Without even telling anyone? "

"You would not leave if we ..."

"Will!" Jonathan yelled with his hands shaking. "You went into an old lab that did illegal experiments with a little girl, where there's also a fucking underworld portal or some shit like that and you thought nothing was going to go wrong?"

"We could not leave her there, Jonathan," Mike said so softly that he

was barely heard. His eyes were distant and moist. "We just wanted to get her out of that horrible place. We did not expect those men ...".

"Men?" Jonathan asked, putting his hands in his hair. "What men?"

The boys looked at each other and Lucas cleared his throat.

"Well, there were these three men there ... We heard them talking, they wanted to kidnap Eleven. One of them saw us and we ran. They chased us...".

"They chased you?!"

"But Seven saved us," Will said before his brother could freak out again. "She saw us coming in and got us out of there. She brought us here and now we are safe. "

"Wait, wait, wait!" Said Jonathan, shaking his head. "Did you just say Seven? Is her name a number? But...".

Then he understood. His face went white and he held her breath. This strange girl, unlike Eleven, had green eyes, but those were as dark, as deep and lonely as the little girl who had saved her brother's life. She was thin as someone who did not eat right, had mysteriously appeared to save the boys in the old lab that did illegal searches. And there was only one reason why Mike looked at her with such hope, as if she had the solution to world hunger.

"You ... You're like her?" He asked, his eyes on Seven who answered with a nod. "But how ... How is this possible?"

With a sigh the only girl in the room left where she was and walked to Jonathan. She stopped in front of him and gently tilted her chin up to meet his eyes.

"I think you'd better sit down. It's a long story".

Almost an hour later the story had already been told again to the point where Seven had stopped talking to the boys. Her head throbbed and her throat ached, but she advanced, knowing she needed to talk.

"And what did you do after you killed him?" Asked Jonathan, who was sitting on the floor, his back against the couch. He had heard everything silently, with only a few questions here and there.

"I ran away," Seven said, her eyes distant. "I was in shock and very desperate. I stole the gun and keys from his pocket and left him there, bleeding with a scalpel stuck in his chest. I thought he really had deleted the cameras, but it was not possible that someone would open the exit for me. I also had never been through those halls alone, so I began to get more and more lost. I wandered through those corridors wearing a hospital sweater and barefoot for so long that when I finally found a door that looked like the exit I had blisters on my feet and I was dying of cold. "

"There was no exit behind the door, but there was something even more interesting. It was a place full of papers and documents. I could not read, so I had no idea what it all meant, but ... "She paused for a moment and put her fingers behind the back of her head. "There was something behind my mind that told me that all that was important. I rummaged through some folders and files, but I was so scared that I felt that someone would come and get me anytime. I grabbed some random papers and was leaving when a file caught my eye. There was a photo there and it was the little girl I had seen in my dream. " She looked at Mike and swallowed. "I did not know the numbers at the time, other than what's tattooed on my arm. The zero and seven were the only ones I knew, so I could only recognize the zero in front of the eleven. Eleven's file was on a table, next to a bookcase. Each of the drawers had a number, in which I only recognized the zero. "

"My God ..." said Dustin. "Are there more of you?"

"I believe so," said Seven. "While I was in prison I never understood my name. When I learned that there was an infinite number of numbers was when I started to ask myself why seven. Why, of all possible numbers, did they choose to name me with number seven? Now, when I think of the day I entered that room, I wish I had not been so afraid. Maybe I could have grabbed something more informative, discovered more about myself, about Eleven or about others ... But I did not. I just grabbed her file, the random papers I found on the tables and into the drawers and I ran. I could not take much because all I had was my body suit. I still had the gun and the

keys, so my plan was to find the way out and shoot the guard if I had to. "

"That makes a lot of sense, actually," Mike commented. "Scientific experiments always begin to be named from scratch and so on. We never stopped to think, but for El to become number eleven ... "

"It took a number zero," Lucas finished. "And a number one, two, and so on."

"God, are there any more kids stuck around, being used for experiments?" Jonathan asked, running his hands over his face. "What a fuck".

"Children and adults," Seven explained. "I do not know my age, but I must be about eighteen or nineteen. Those who came before me are older than I am and those who came after me are younger. I wandered for a while, having to change my way when I saw some guards in the corridors. When I finally found the exit and opened the door, the guard ... God, he was asleep. " She let out a chuckle and lingered for some time, her words reshaping. "He was sleeping, damn it. I remember being so relieved that I began to cry. I did not understand it at the time because I had never seen the sun before, but I wasted so many hours that when I found the exit it was already morning. "

"I started to run through the forest and I felt my feet cutting with the branches and stones. It was difficult to run very fast and climb the hills with the papers and the gun in hand. When I finally saw a road I started to walk on the asphalt until an old lady passed with her car. I had never seen a car in my life so we can say that I almost got hit. She got scared and saw that I was confused and lost, so she let me in her car. Luckily she was just visiting a friend and actually lived two hours away. At first she wanted to take me to a police station, thought I had been kidnapped and had a family looking for me. I remember ... I remember grabbing her arm and fighting to make her understand that I did not want to be left there. I knew few or almost no words, so all I could say was "You" and "stay." She understood me and just drove to her house. "

A melancholy smile appeared in the corner of Seven's mouth as her

eyes stared at the ground, bright and distant.

"She took care of me. She gave me a home and raised me as if I were her daughter. She gave me a name too. She called me Selena because she was kind deaf and did not understand when I said that my name was Seven. " A small laugh escaped her mouth, followed by a smile. "I learned to read, write, count, drive, everything because of her. It was as if an angel had found me and I finally felt safe. The papers were stored in a folder I found at her house, but I forgot them. I still had dreams, but Eleven never appeared in them again. It was almost like I was normal. "

The silence went on for a few minutes.

"A year and a half after my escape she died. I was a secret, so I was left with no one after that. As she never warned the police about me and never adopted me legally, I had no right over the house that ended up going to auction. I managed to keep the car because before she died she said that she did not have one and we hid it so that it was not taken by the state. She had no children and no family, so when she died some friends planned the funeral. I had to watch it from afar, hidden behind a few graves. All I had was the car, my clothes, the briefcase full of papers and a good amount of money that she took from the bank and gave me when she saw that she could not survive. "

She looked at the five boys watching her, sadness written in their expressions. Seven shifted uncomfortably in her chair.

"I've been living in my car ever since. I got some jobs as a waitress to get more money and drove to some parking lots so it was safer to sleep in the car. It was at this time that I finally turned my attention to the papers I stole from the lab. It took some time for me to understand what they said, since my reading was still basic and the language was very scientific. Most of what I stole is not very important, they talked mostly about me and my abilities. The Eleven file was the one that continues more information. I saw she was trapped in a lab here in Hawkins. I've seen the notes on her abilities and found that we do not have the same powers. I believe ... I believe the blood they injected into me belonged to her. I think they wanted to find out if I could develop the same telekinetic skills. "

"Do you think they did this to other people?" Will asked.

"I do not know. Maybe. I think I was used as a guinea pig because of my powers. Because I can heal myself if something went wrong they would not lose me, you see? I must have been the first they tried to do this, to see if that was possible. It worked, but only in a way. The archives said that she is able to communicate, to touch and to teleport from one world to another. It is not like that with me. I can communicate, but I can not decide when to visit the upside down, it's unconscious and it only works when I'm sleeping. And mine body is not there either physically. I can not touch anything and nothing touches me, it's like I'm a ghost. "

"When I was there," Will said quietly, a shiver running down his spine. "Everything was very real. Things touched me and I touched them. When El appeared she touched me and spoke to me. "

"That's what I thought," said Seven. "It was the night I finally finished reading the files Eleven returned to appear in my dreams. It was only once, actually. Again, she did not see me. There was a man with her speaking in a language I do not know. A few seconds later he disappeared and a horrible creature began to attack her. She ran, screamed and cried and out of nowhere I woke up, screaming along with her and sweating in the back of my car. Over the next few nights, for a week, I did not see her anymore, no matter how hard I tried. But then ... I was walking down the street after quitting my job and stopped by a TV store. The news channel was on and that's when I heard about you, Will. " She looked at him and smiled. "You were the subject everyone was talking about. They did not show your photo, but they repeated your name several times. Will Byers, the boy who came back from the dead. It was all very strange, but it only got worse when I saw you lived in Hawkins. I knew that was where Eleven's lab was and it was not possible that it was just a coincidence that you had died and then come alive. "

"That night, after a week of trying, I finally dreamed of Eleven again. I slept with you on my head and I woke up with her, alone, bruised and crying in that dark and cold infinity. When I spoke she heard me for the first time. She looked at me with those huge eyes and just kept murmuring meaningless words. I tried to touch her, but my hand went through her arm. When she noticed my tattoo she was so

shocked she did not speak for a long time. I tried to make her understand who I was and that I wanted to help her, and when she finally believed me, all she said was Will and Mike's name, over and over again. "

It made tears appear in Mike's eyes. She remembered him. She was alive and remembered him. A weight was taken from his back and he had to close his eyes tightly to keep from crying. Tears were being kept for when he found her.

"That's when I decided I needed to meet you," Seven completed. "I spent months driving, sleeping in cheap hotels and getting roadside jobs to get here. I have watched you since I arrived to make sure you can help me and now I know you can. That little girl needs help and I'll help out whatever it takes to save her. "

Thank you guys for all the love! Hope you enjoy the chapter (: see you guys in the next one.

Kisses 3

5. Chapter 5

When the hot water hit her back, Seven can not contain a groan that escaped her lips. After a year of living in the car (with only a few breaks in very precarious hotels) the girl's back was never the same. Baths usually happened only a few times a week when she could find some establishment to let her use the shower.

Thanks to this, the angels sang when Jonathan lent her towels and allowed her to use the bathroom to clean herself. The boys agreed that she would sleep there, though Seven made it clear she was used to the backseat of the car. They were horrified only at the thought of her sleeping in it, which was now all broken.

Running a hand through her wet hair, Seven let a small smile spread over her lips. It were not as long as those of other girls, but she preferred it. After so many years without the hair, the girl could not get used to having them long. Despite that, she would never want to shave her head. Her hair gave her a new identity, made her feel like a new person.

Lathering her own body, Seven let all memories go through her mind and shiver her body. She fought so hard for all this to be in the past and never come back, but now that the door to her memories was open and everything had been told, it was impossible to ignore. The eyes of that fading man and his huge body falling hard on the ground will haunt her forever. The blood that soiled her and the floor was so scary that sometimes, in small lapses, the girl still saw it in her hands, staining everything she touched.

There were still many questions to be resolved, many things that were still a mystery to her. Why the diminution of guards, so suddenly and without explanation? No matter how much Seven thought about, there was no reason. And why was it so difficult to get a connection with Eleven? Seven knew there was something that triggered the contact. The only times the two were in the same dream were crucial in the last three years of Seven's life. The day she slipped away, when she finally understood what those papers said, when she heard of Will's existence. She needed more. She needed to find out what the connection was between her and Eleven and how to make it

work.

She would talk to the boys about it. They had explained the whole story to her when she finished speaking. They told her about Will's disappearance, how they found Eleven alone in the rain and found out about her powers. Jonathan also told about the fight against Demogorgon with a girl named Nancy (whom she discovered was Mike's sister), but that the monster came back and attacked the boys and the scientists at school. When Dustin reported that Eleven had disappeared because she had destroyed the creature, Seven's heart was heavy.

The boys seemed so enthusiastic, so proud of their friend that she did not dare speak the truth. The monster did not disappear, quite the opposite. He just changed his victims. A little less than a year ago, Seven began to be pursued by this huge creature. It would show up whenever she suffered from a bruise, coming up from the hotels' walls or from the restaurant floors, making her run and drive for hours on end. That was why she had so much ability to drive her car and because the huge bag in the room carries more guns than she could count.

A knock on the door took her out of her thoughts.

"Seven?" Mike asked outside. "Sorry to bother you, but Jonathan told me to give you these clothes. I'll leave them out here, okay? "

"Thank you, Mike!" The girl shouted back with a small smile.

Oh, Mike. The boy gave her a little hope. After fifteen or sixteen years stuck in the lab and another one and a half being the secret of a ninety-year-old old woman, Seven never had the chance to interact with other teens. Thanks to that, she had no idea what it was like to fall in love and care so much for someone that you could risk your life for their safety. The abuse she'd endured gave her far more skills than she'd imagined. Seven was a great observer. She read people's feelings through their expressions, their gestures, and their posture. Anger, hatred, disgust, falsehood were the ones she interpreted more easily, for being accustomed to them. Happiness, serenity, concern, and love were new, but she was a quick learner.

She saw Mike's wet eyes as he talked about saving Eleven. She saw how they shone as he remembered how he had saved, protected, cared, and taught about the world. She saw his curved back and trembling hands and hands as he stopped her in the hallway just before Seven entered the bathroom and told her in a softy voice:

"I'm glad you're here. We really need your help, I really need your help. She can not stay there, Seven. She is strong, fearless, and, God, so brave that I like to pretend she can handle it. But El do not deserve it. She's the best person I've ever met. "

Oh yes, the boy was certainly in love. And it was inspiring how that skinny thirteen-year-old boy was willing to enter a portal to a dimension that sucked his soul just to save the girl he liked.

Stepping out of the shower, Seven covered her very slender body with the towel and wiped her hair with the other. Opening the door slowly, she picked Jonathan's clothes off the floor and shifted. Despite being tall, the clothes became huge and the pants fell off her hips. She had to knot the rest of the fabric around her waist so she would not have to walk around the house without them.

She left the bathroom and walked down the hall. She found Will's room and watched the boys pack their mattresses on the floor.

"Hi, Seven!" Said Will, noting her. "Did the clothes work?"

"Kind of" she replied. "They are very large, but no problem. I've lost a lot of weight in the last few months, all my clothes get big. "

"Why did you lose so much weight?" Asked Dustin. Lucas looked at him with a grimace.

"She sleeps in her own car and gets jobs by the roadside, why do not you think she can feed herself?" he asked wryly. Dustin flashed his tongue in response.

"I was thinking ..." Will said, ignoring the two friends. "Mike calls Eleven 'El' because, you know, she deserved a real name. Would you mind if we gave you a nickname too? "

Seven gave a small smile and shrugged, a little embarrassed. A hot

sensation crossed her chest as she looked at those thirteen-year-old boys, looking so excited to have her as a friend.

"Sev looks good to me," Mike said. "Or just S. maybe."

"Okay, we can talk about this later," said Jonathan, appearing in the room. He smiled at the boys and continued, "Mom's going to be home soon, Will. You need to go to sleep so she does not suspect anything. "

After saying goodbye, Seven followed Jonathan to his room. They had thought it better to sleep there because there was no basement in the Byers' house, and Joyce did not go into her older son's room like she did with Will.

"Cool room," commented the girl, watching the posters of horror films on the walls and vinyl records scattered everywhere. Jonathan blushed a little and shrugged, feeling uncomfortable.

"I'm sorry I do not give you the bed to sleep on," he said, arranging the pillows on the mattress on the floor, hidden by the bed. "I would sleep on the couch, but my mother would be suspicious."

"It's all right. I've slept in worse places. "

"I'm so sorry this happened to you," Jonathan said without thinking. Hearing the story of Seven and understanding Eleven's past made his conscience weigh in guilt. And he thought he had problems with his absent father and with Nacy dating someone else.

"It's not your fault," Seven said with a small smile. The two of them sat on their respective beds and looked at each other. "It's not anyone's fault except those who used me. You were so nice to let me stay here, thank you. I know you're going to get in trouble if you find out. "

"Do not worry about it, it's nothing," he replied, running his hands through his hair. "I could not let you sleep in that car, especially now that we've hidden it in the woods. Are not you afraid it will be stolen? "

"Nah. He has his glasses broken and bullet-marked on the sides. Plus the badge is missing. No one would steal that car. "

"That was something I wanted to ask you. What happened to your car? "

There was another skill that Seven had acquired in her years of confinement, something that had saved her countless times. It was a matter of survival that made her mind work a thousand an hour.

She was an incredible liar.

"I was assaulted a few weeks ago. Some guys knocked on my window with guns and told me to come down. Instead I accelerated and they fired at me. It burst the windows and dialed the car. There was a security camera, so I took the board so they would not identify me. "

The history of the plaque was not all a lie. She took out the badge and traded for other illegal ones at least once a month. Despite never finding a sign of being sought by the government, Seven has always been very paranoid about it.

"God, I can not even imagine how it must have been ... living in the streets, having no one," said Jonathan. "My father is an asshole who only shows up when he needs something, but at least I have my brother and my mother. I do not know what life would be like without them. "

"No friends?" Seven asked curiously, leaning her arms on Jonathan's bed.

"I'm not the most popular person here," the boy said uneasily.

"Not even that girl, Nancy?"

She knew she'd asked the wrong thing when Jonathan turned red from head to toe.

"Nancy is ... Well, she's my friend ... I guess, I mean, we ... Look, we..."

A car noise interrupted him. They looked at each other as they listened to Joyce outside. The car parked, a door opened and closed, keys jingled and the front door opened. Something heavy was thrown to the floor and Joyce's footsteps echoed through the silent house.

Noticing suddenly that the lights in his room were still on, Jonathan jumped up and ran to the switch. In a hurry, he knocked over a pile of books on the floor, which made a loud noise that caught Joyce's attention in the kitchen.

"Jonathan? Is that you?" She asked.

"Oh shit," said the teenager between his teeth. Seven covered her entire body with the sheet and shrank under the covers, hiding. Jonathan opened the bedroom door and said,

"It's me! Sorry, Mom. I knocked over some things. "

"It's late, should not you be asleep?" Joyce asked.

"I was finishing a project for school, but I'm going to bed. Good night!"

Without waiting for an answer, Jonathan closed the door and then locked it. The two teenagers breathed a sigh of relief and were silent for a few seconds.

"I do not think she's going in here, but I thought I'd better lock the door," Jonathan explained. "If you feel uncomfortable I can ...".

"Oh no, do not worry," said Seven. "I don't care".

"Sorry, Mike told me a little bit about Eleven while you were in the shower. She's claustrophobic and afraid of the dark, I thought maybe you had something like that too."

"I had it in the beginning," she explained. "In the first few months I could not even sleep alone. It was hellish because leaving the windows and doors closed made me afraid, but they opened up worse because I constantly thought they would come and get me. But that has been a long time, living in my car helped in the fear of the dark. "

Jonathan did not know what to say, so he just nodded, though he knew the girl could not see him.

"I think we'd better go to sleep," he said, changing the subject. "Tomorrow we'll need to think about what we're going to do from

here. Good night".

-Oo-

Before even opening her eyes, Seven knew she was no longer in Jonathan's room.

The girl could not tell what made her realize this first. The cold that spilled through her bones, the icy ground that touched the soles of her feet, or that familiar old feeling that ran through her as her body recognized where it was.

The upside down was dark, cold, scary, and quiet like the last time she'd visited it a year ago. Walking carefully, Seven heard only the echo of her footsteps as she looked around.

Questions filled her mind. After so long trying to come back, why now? And how? Was Eleven here or was it just the useless dreams in which she spent hours walking in circles?

Her questions were answered when a small cry was heard. Seven looked sideways and saw in the distance a small hut made of dirty sheets and grimy pillows. She ran and entered the small tent violently. Eleven was there, shrunken so tightly that she looked even smaller than usual. Her body trembled violently, in a mixture of crying and fever.

"Oh my God!" Seven sighed, falling to her knees and trying to touch Eleven. As before, her hand passed through the body of the younger, but this caught the attention of El who, faintly, opened her eyes. "Eleven, can you hear me? It's me, Seven. Do you remember me? Come on kid, talk to me. "

Eleven turned and began to cough. Seven could not touch her, so she stood helplessly, watching that little girl drown herself with her own breath. When she finally stopped, she said in a low voice,

"Seven?"

"Yes darling! What happened to you? How are you feeling?"

"Weak ... Pain."

Seven's heart ached when she noticed that she was much leaner than she had been before. Her hair had grown, but it was filthy and filthy. The girl's entire body was covered with bruises, cuts and dirt.

"Eleven I need you to help me!" Said Seven a little desperately as the other's eyes began to close. "Do not sleep, I do not know how long I can stay here. Eleven! Eleven! El! ".

That caught Eleven's attention. Her eyes widened and she was confused.

"Mike?"

"That! That's what Mike calls you, is not it? I met him. He misses you.
"

Eleven's eyes filled with tears streaming down her face. She gave small sobs and Seven felt her own vision blurring.

"I miss... miss him. Mike. Mike, " she cried.

"I'll help you get back El, but I need your help. How can I get you out of here? I met the boys and they love you so much, so you can not give up, okay? You have to hold out a little longer. "

"Mike ... Lights," Eleven stammered.

"I do not understand you, El. Where are we? How can I get you out of here? "

"Hidden. Mike ... "Eleven stopped talking and her eyes widened.
"Will. Will. Here".

"What?" Exclaimed Seven. Eleven reached out and grabbed the older woman's arm, making her scream. "What the fuck is that? Can you touch me? "

"Portal," Eleven stammered. "In the forest. I do not ... I do not know. I'm lost. Very weak. I can not ... long. "

"Wait, El! I still ... "Seven tried to say, but Eleven disappeared near the small tent. Seven raised her head and lost her breath.

The last thing she saw before waking up in Jonathan's room, trembling and sweating, was Will's frightened eyes staring at her in the upside down.

Hey guys! Thank you so much for reading (: see you guys in the next chapter!

Kisses 3

6. Chapter 6

"Mike?"

Mike opened his eyes and stared into the darkness of the room. Confused, he rubbed his eyes with his fists and looked around, seeing only the darkness and listening to the breath of his sleeping friends. He lay for a few seconds, feeling chest tight.

This is in your head, whispered his subconscious. *She is not here. She did not call your name.*

He closed his eyes and covered them with his hands. *You're going crazy. She did not call you, she did not ...*

"I miss... miss him".

Mike sat on the mattress he was in and looked around. The sudden movement made him dizzy, but he ignored it. It was not a dream. He was awake and was sure of what he had heard.

"El?" He whispered so softly that for a moment he thought he had not said it.

"Mike"

"Eleven?" He exclaimed, waking up his friends. Lucas and Dustin sat down, confused and irritated.

"Mike, what the fuck are you doing?" Dustin asked, rubbing his eyes.

"Shh!" Mike replied. "Shut up!".

"Mike!"

"Holy shit ..." exclaimed Lucas. "This was...?".

"EL!" Shouted Mike looking around. His eyes had adjusted and he could see his friends in the dark. "Where does her voice come from?"

"Here!" Said Dustin, pulling something under Will's bed. It was his

walkie-talkie. "I think the sound came from here."

Mike got up and jumped onto Dustin's mattress, almost kicking Lucas's body in the process. He grabbed the walkie-talkie and pressed the answer button with his extremely shaky hands.

"El? El, please, answer me. It's Mike, please answer! "

"Mike ... Lights."

Lucas and Dustin exclaimed in alarm and approached Mike, trying to hear better.

"Lights? Do you want to communicate by the lights? Where are you, El? Are you hurt? "

"Hidden ... Mike ... Will. Will. Here".

The boys looked at each other and went back to the walkie-talkie.

"Will?" Dustin asked. "What do you mean, El? Can Will help us find you? "

"Portal in the forest. I do not ... I do not know. I'm lost. Very weak. I can not ... long."

Then a strange sound was heard, like the drizzle of an unsigned television channel. Mike, desperate, hit the side of the device, trying to regain contact.

"El? Wait, El! Please answer. El!".

But there was no answer. The boys remained paralyzed, looking at the object in Mike's hand until he himself whispered,

"She is alive".

"What?" Asked Lucas. Mike looked at him, glad that the lights were off and that they were hiding the tears streaming from his eyes.

"She is alive. Fuck, she's alive. "

That made Lucas's eyes widen. He and Mike were friends since they

were born. He knew his friend better than anyone in the world, knew the things he liked, the things he hated, what made him happy or sad. And one thing he knew: Mike Wheeler never cursed.

The sudden opening of the door made the boys jump in surprise. The light went on and they saw Seven, disheveled and still in her pajamas, entering the room with frightened eyes, followed by Jonathan who seemed extremely confused.

"Where's Will?" She asked wildly. Mike frowned and opened his mouth to respond as he turned to his friend's bed.

The words died in his throat.

Will's bed was empty. The sheets were messy, wrinkled, and cold. The five teenagers stood there, paralyzed, their faces extremely white until chaos settled.

Jonathan was the first to move. He exclaimed, "WILL!" And ran off down the hall. Seven followed, calling by the name of Will as well. Dustin, Mike, and Lucas got up and the five of them walked through the house, opening and knocking on doors, yelling Will's name repeatedly.

"Will? Will "called for Seven to open and close doors, finding cabinets and empty pantries. "My God, please don't, please don't. Will? Wi- ".

The words stuck in her throat as Seven opened the bathroom door. She found Will, sweating and shaking, leaning against the wall and sitting on the floor. His lips were a little blue and he looked dizzy.

"Oh my God, Will! Jonathan! JONATHAN!" Shouted the girl. She put her hand on Will's shoulder who said:

"I'm fine ... I'm just a little sick."

"We both know very well that this is not true, boy," said Seven. "I know very well what I saw."

Jonathan appeared, followed by the boys. The four of them gasped and ran to the little boy on the floor.

"Will, what happened? What are you feeling?" Asked Jonathan crouching in front of his brother.

"I'm fine," Will answered with a weak, unconvincing smile. "I woke up a little nauseous and vomited, but I-

The boy choked. A dry cough crossed his throat and he bent, his mouth close to the floor. He coughed and gasped for a long time until the huge, fat slug came out of his mouth. Dustin screamed and Seven swallowed her own vomit.

"What the fuck is that?" Exclaimed Jonathan. Will coughed some more and spat on the floor. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and let out a weary sigh. "Will, why don't you look surprised at a fucking slug coming out of your mouth?"

"It's not ... it's not the first time," the boy admitted.

"What?!" exclaimed Lucas. "How long has this been going on?"

Will looked down for a few seconds and said softly:

"Since I came back."

A deathly silence lingered for a few minutes, all frozen in their places, too shocked to react. Dustin was the first to speak:

"Holy shit"

Will's eyes filled with tears and he looked at his brother.

"I don't know what's going on. It's becoming less frequent, but I don't know how to solve it. I'm scared".

Jonathan hugged his little brother tightly, feeling his throat close.

"Why did not you tell me, Will? We tell each other everything. "

"I did not want to worry you, you and Mom are so scared about everything that I did not want to give you another reason ..." Will cried. Jonathan hugged him tighter, whispering in his ear, 'we'll figure it out, I promise. Will be all right'.

"Hey, it's going to be all right," Mike said, crouching down and looking his friends in the eye. "We'll help you. Dustin does not have his teeth and you spit slugs, so what? "

"Yes!" Exclaimed Dustin, getting to his knees. "Mike is in love with a girl with superpowers who is stuck in another dimension and we still like him."

"Shut up," grunted Mike, earning the laughter of everyone in return.

"What Dustin means," Lucas said, nudging Dustin with his elbow. "It's just that we're going to be here for you, no matter what. You should have trusted us. "

"I know," Will said. "I'm so sorry".

The group hugged each other on the bathroom floor while Seven watched them all stand. She smiled slightly at the show of affection, happy with all the love that Will received.

"How did you know?" Asked Jonathan, looking at Seven. "How did you know there was something wrong with him?"

Seven looked at Will for a few seconds before answering.

"I dreamed about him. In the upside down, with Eleven. "

"Did you dream about Eleven?" Asked Mike, standing up and approaching her.

"Yes, I saw her. I'm not going to lie, she looks very weak and very thin, but she talked to me. Most of the things she said were meaningless murmurs, but said you name a lot. I think Eleven knows how we can save her, she said something about- "

"A portal," Mike completed. "A portal in the forest."

"How do you know that?" Seven asked suspiciously.

"Because I heard everything," Mike explained. "I heard her voice coming out of Will's walkie-talkie. I got to hear everything she said. "

"Your dream must have opened a connection," Dustin thought. "Maybe she's too weak to open the connection between the two worlds on her own, but with your dreams she gets enough power."

"That's why we've never been able to communicate with her before," Lucas said. "She's too weak to respond, but now we can!"

The boys looked at Seven with hopeful eyes that made her uncomfortable.

"Boys, calm down. I do not even know for sure how this works, sometimes I dream about it and sometimes I do not. We have some kind of connection, but I still do not know how to trigger it."

"Worth a try," said Jonathan, still wrapping his arms around Will. "She said about a portal in the forest, right? I've seen it once, with Nancy. I'm not sure how to get there, but I think Nancy knows. "

"I do not know if it's a good idea to tell Mike's sister," Lucas said. "She struck when she heard that we came to El in the forest."

"Maybe if we prove that we can save Eleven she'll help us," Mike said thoughtfully. "But how?"

"Maybe if we get in touch with El again, this time with Nancy, she will help us," Will said. He turned to Mike and said, "In the dream, I saw it too. It was for only a second, but I recognized the place. She's at your fort, Mike. "

"The little hut made of sheets?" Asked Seven. Will nodded and Mike felt his heart pound.

"All this time ... she's been home?" he asked. Will nodded.

"Maybe if Seven goes there it might open the connection," Dustin said.

"Nancy would never let her in, not before she knew the whole story," Mike argued.

"There's that window in the basement, it's small, but Seven is thin enough to get through," Lucas said. "Jonathan can distract Nancy

upstairs while Seven comes in through the window. We can see if she gets any contact with El and then we show her sister. "

"Why am I supposed to distract her?" Asked Jonathan with red ears. Dustin rolled his eyes.

"You know very well why."

"We can try," said Seven. "We need a time when your parents do not- Oh shit! Your mother, Jonathan! Did not she wake up with that noise? "

Jonathan looked at his wristwatch and shook his head.

"It's six thirty in the morning, she told me she was going to cover a colleague's shift in the store and so she was going to leave early, thank God."

"My father always goes out on Saturdays with his friends, it's the afternoon off. My mom usually goes to the park with Holly about ten in the morning, "Mike said.

"So we have a plan," said Jonathan, standing with Will. "Let's go to your house after your parents leave. Anyone want breakfast? "

-Oo-

"Okay, it's over there," said Jonathan, parking his car on the corner of the Wheeler's house. Seven was hiding in the backseat with Will, Lucas and Dustin while Mike was in the front seat. "You better get down here, Seven. Go around the house, it's that big two-story house. Stay hidden in the back and wait for Mike to open the window. "

"Going unnoticed is a talent, do not worry" replied the girl from the car. The boys watched as she walked quietly behind the trees and shrubs, passing unnoticed on right and entering the back.

Jonathan started driving again and parked in front of the house. They all went down and walked to the door. Mike looked at Jonathan a second before he rang the bell and the two of them nodded at each other.

The doorbell rang, and a few seconds later Nancy opened the door.

"Mike! I thought you'd come later," she said. Nancy then looked at Jonathan and they both blushed a little. "Hi, Jonathan!"

"Hi," the teenager murmured.

"I forgot some comics, so Jonathan gave us a ride. Now, if you will excuse me ... "and entered the house being followed by his friends. He heard Nancy sigh 'boys', but ignored running to the basement. When everyone had already entered, he went to the small window and opened it.

"Pss, Seven! Here," he said. The girl stepped out of a clump of trees and crouched. She passed her legs through the glass, and with the help of the boys, who were very red, holding her thighs and pulling her inside, she entered the house.

"That's it," Mike said, pointing to the little fort in the corner of the room. For months his mother and Nancy insisted that he tip it over. He knew his friends felt the same way, but they did not talk because they understood the story - and Mike's feelings - best than his family. Yet he couldn't overturn the little hideout.

Not that he had not tried. One night, after spending almost an hour inside it, fumbling on his radio, Mike was so frustrated that he threw the pillows and sheets away. He cried for an hour while building the fort again. None of his friends knew that.

Seven walked over to where Mike was pointing and took his walkie-talkie from the floor. She turned it on and kept stirring as she sat on the pillows. The boys stood still, too excited to say anything.

"I'm not sure what to do, boys," Seven admitted. "I never got in touch when I was awake and even when I go to sleep I can only talk to her sometimes. There's something that connects us, but I do not know what it is. "

"Is there something in common every time you see each other?" Asked Dustin.

"Well, it was a defining moment in my life. The day I ran away, when

I read about her powers, when I found out about Will. And now this last time, when I met you guys, "explained the girl.

"These events have to have some connection with El," Mike said. "But I can not say for sure what. El did not say much about her past, she barely said anything in fact. I think it's too hard for her to talk about."

Seven opened her mouth, but her words were cut off by a noise. High voices were heard from outside, as if two people were fighting. Before they could do any the door opened and Nancy came in like a hurricane.

"Do not give me that, I know you Jonathan Byers very well and I know when you-" Nancy started to say, but stopped in mid-sentence and her foot still not touching the step when her eyes rested on Seven. She looked at her brother and the girl again and again until she started saying, "Oh no, no, no, no, no, no! You're not going to hide another girl in our basement, Mike Wheeler! ",

"Nancy, please let me explain ..." Jonathan tried to say.

"Explain? Explain what, exactly?" Asked Nancy. "Why does my brother have a girl of our age in his basement or the reason you know it and just keep trying to curl up there?"

"Nancy, please listen!" Implored Mike. "We knew you would react like this, so we needed a test before. This is Seven, she- "

"Seven ?!"

"She's our friend and she'll help us save Eleven."

The room fell silent, and Nancy fixed her eyes on her little brother, blinking a few times. Her expression went from surprise to sad and tired.

"Mike, no ..." she said with a sigh. "This is going too far. Already a year ago, you need to understand that the Eleven- ".

"I know you think I've gone crazy," Mike cut off. "But now it's for real. It's a chance we never had to find her, and we can only do it with

your help. Please, just listen to me! "

"Mike, that's enough!" Exclaimed Nancy. "Enough of hanging lights through the house, enough of walking through the forest at night, no more hours spent locked down here on a radio that does not work! Enough of not smiling anymore, not eating right, having your grades drop because you do not feel any more excitement at all. And most of all, it's enough to bring strange people into our house! I'm going to call Sheriff Hopper! "

And ran upstairs. Everyone moved to follow, but Seven was faster. She ran and the instant Nancy took the phone off the hook, Seven grabbed her wrist.

"No," she murmured hard, making Nancy frown.

"No? You just came into my house and kept saying all these things to my little brother ... "

"Nancy, stop it!" Said Jonathan, coming out of the basement. The boys were coming. "Just give us five minutes-"

"Jonatha, this has already crossed the line. There's no way we can continue this way, Mike must understand once Eleven is not coming back! She's a twelve-year-old girl who fought a creature and disappeared. For over a year now! She. Is. Dead!".

"ELEVEN IS NOT DEAD!" Shouted Mike.

Suddenly all the lights in the house went out except for one. The television in the living room rang on her own, giving the group such a fright that Nancy dropped the phone to the floor. The channel was unsteady and full of drizzle, but a small sound was heard behind the noise:

"Mike?"

No one spoke, no one moved. Nancy's eyes jumped from the television to Mike repeatedly while her mouth was open in a silent scream. At last she looked at Seven, cleared her throat and asked,

"So, what's the plan?".

Oh my God! Sorry i'm late, but i had this huge test and it was difficult to have a free time. Next week i'm going to travel as well, so next chapter just in february guys, sorry): but thank you soooooo much for the comments! I was so glad when i saw that you guys really enjoy the story 3

Really, you are just the best! So, what you guys think its going to happen? How this weird connection between Seven and Eleven works? Love to know whats going on in your head!

See you next chapter!

Kisses 3

7. Chapter 7

"May I help you?"

Seven looked over the shelf and found the eyes of a teenager a little younger than her, his hair very long and pimples on his face, wearing the uniform of the store along with a badge.

"I want a rope," she replied.

"How long?" Asked the boy, walking up to her side. Observer, Seven can not help noticing that he glanced quickly at her legs, slightly exposed by Nancy's dress ("Your clothes will draw a lot of attention, you need to go unnoticed").

Good plan, Nancy. I'm practically invisible, thought the girl ironically.

"The biggest you have."

She followed the teenager (who knew, thanks to his badge, name Jeff) to the other side of the store, looking over her shoulder and watching Jonathan carry flashlights, bullets from all kinds of weapons and camp blankets.

"I've got all these guys," Jeff said. "This is the toughest, usually used to build bridges in tree houses or the fire department buys. This is simpler, usually used by children to jump rope. "

"I want the strongest one, please," Seven replied. "What is the longest length you sell?"

"Ten meters"

"I'll want strings long enough for 1 kilometer."

Jeff's eyes widened and he frowned. Seven remained impassive, as if what she had asked for was not unusual.

"I'm preparing a gymkhana for my nephews," she lied. "I'll spread lanes with the ropes all over town, so I need so many."

Jeff seemed to buy the lie, though he still found the story strange. He began to pick up ropes, filling a cart to the top.

"I've never seen you around here," Jeff said, bending down to pick up more rope and looking out of the corner of his eye at Seven's legs. "You know, little town, everyone knows everyone. Are you moving? "

His voice was interested enough to make Seven uneasy.

"I'm visiting a friend," she said, the lie she invented with Jonathan and Nancy well memorized in her head.

"Who is it? Maybe I know him. "

"Jonathan Byers. We met when we went to New York University. "

"I know him!" Said Jeff, putting the last rope in the cart overflowing. "He is a year older, but we study at the same school. Nice guy".

The girl nodded and the two of them walked close to the register. Jonathan reached for her and their eyes met. She nodded, conveying that it was all right. Seven paid for the ropes using absolutely all the Money she had kept for months on the road and left the store quickly ("I hope to see you sometime!" Said Jeff on her back). She went to Jonathan's car and put the ropes in the trunk. Then she backed away and leaned against the wall of the shop. Jonathan left shortly thereafter, carrying several bags.

"All right," he said, keeping the groceries together with the ropes. The two of them leaned back in the car and looked down the street, waiting for Nancy. When she appeared at the end of the street, she was not alone.

"Who is that?" Seven asked, wringing her nose at the starched clothes and combed hair on a halter.

"It's Steve," Jonathan replied. "He's Nancy's boyfriend."

"He looks like an asshole," commented the girl. The ghost of a smile passed Jonathan's lips.

"He was," he explained. "But it was not long after Will disappeared.

He acknowledged his mistakes and helped us against the monster. We are friends now".

Seven opened her mouth, but it was interrupted when someone bumped her back heavily. She slammed into Jonathan, who held her by the arms.

"I'm sorry!" Said a voice behind her. She turned, ready to yell at someone, when she froze and went white.

The sheriff who she always watched over Will's house and town was in front of her, carrying a coffee and a sack of food. The beat poured coffee into his uniform, which distracted him and gave her enough time for to regroup and remember about her tattoo. She wrapped her left arm around Jonathan's waist, hiding her forearm and making him blush to the roots of his hair.

She did not have time to explain because Jim Hopper left his dirty uniform aside and looked at the teenagers.

"I'm sorry, I was not-Oh, hello Jonathan! Who's your friend?"

The sheriff's eyes wandered around the girl's arm around the shy teen and one of his eyebrows shot up. It was very recent the contact between Hopper and Joyce's children, but they always observed them through the city. Jonathan Byers was quiet, shy, and out of trouble. Girls were seldom part of his life.

"I'm Selena," said Seven, offering the sheriff her right hand. He squeezed and she had to do her best not to shiver. Government men, no matter what occupations they had, brought flashbacks that wrapped her stomach. "Jonathan invited me for a visit."

"Ah," Jim said a little shocked. He cleared his throat and smiled, trying to disguise his shock. "And where did you meet?"

"At New York University," Jonathan said in a firm voice. "I went there to visit the campus last month and I met her."

Nancy and Steve caught up with them and smiled at Hopper, a little shaken by the situation that could easily destroy the whole plan.

"Hi sheriff," Nancy greeted. Hopper lowered the tip of his hat and smiled at the teenagers. "Sorry to have to leave like this, but our movie is about to start. Let's get going?"

The teens said good-bye and got into Jonathan's car. Seven stood quietly and slightly panting, her eyes closed, trying to stop the memories that ran through her mind.

"Hurry, hide in the closet," said the lady who had taken her in a little over a week. "Come on dear, if I do not answer they will distrust."

Seven shook her head, pinning her heels to the floor.

"Dark," she murmured. "Dark, no ... I do not want to!"

The old ladies' hands were wrinkled and warm on her shoulders.

"I know my love. But the police can not see you. They will take you away from me, God knows where they would take you. Trust me and go into the closet, please. "

Seven did. Not because the fear had passed, quite the contrary, it was growing stronger and brutal, like a creature that violently devoured her lungs. But she did, because that sweet lady had taken her in, taken care of and protected her, giving her a house, food and a bed so soft that the girl wept the first time she lay on it. She would do whatever the old lady wanted, until she locked herself in a tight, dark closet that would cause her panic attacks.

It was hard to hear what was happening outside with her heart pounding so hard in her ears. Seven still had a hard time understanding some words, but she believed she was aware of what was happening. The neighbor, another old lady, had seen her in the yard an hour ago. Every day Seven would go out and sit in the back of the house, feeling the heat of the sun on the skin so pale that she probably had some deficiency in vitamins. The neighbor called the police saying she had an intruder in the house.

Damn it, Seven thought, using the cursing she had learned from her cozy woman who always cursed the needles that pierced her fingers when she sewed.

"I already said there's no one!" Said a voice from outside. "I'm old, but I'm not invalid. I would know if there was anyone in my house! "

"I'm sorry for the inconvenience," answered a male voice. "But your neighbor confirmed that she saw a child in your yard. Sometimes the children jump the fences to play in the garden of other houses, if they let us- "

"My neighbor, to start with, has to stop looking at my wall and taking care of her life. Then she's oldest than me, I saw her talking to herself several times. You lost your trip, excuse me. "

The door closed, but Seven did not move. The closet door was only opened long afterwards (since her savior was slow because of age). Seven was withdrawn (crying and shaking) and hugged and had her head shaved tenderly placed on a hot pectoral.

"Never open the door for anyone, Selena. It does not matter if they're cops, they can get you out of me, they can end up putting you at risk, and the people who abducted you can take you back. Do not trust anyone, especially the police. "

"Seven? Seven! "

The girl opened her eyes and stared into Nancy's worried eyes.

"Are you okay?" she asked. Seven nodded.

"Sorry, I'm just distracted."

"Well, this is Steve," Nancy said, pointing to the boy sitting in the front seat next to Jonathan. "He is my boyfriend. I explained the whole story to him, I think all the help is accurate. "

"Hi," Seven murmured, looking at Steve. He smiled.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," he said. "I'm sorry for what happened, I'm glad you're free and you're here to help us. Nancy's brother is going to explode with happiness. "

-Oo-

When they arrived at Will's house, the boys were already anxiously awaiting the elders. The plan was to take everyone to the forest by car, but this was not new and the weight of the things they bought was enough to make him rather precarious.

"I can go with the boys walking," said Seven. "I would take my car, but it's still daylight and I just drove the night here. It would draw a lot of attention. "

"I do not know if that's a good idea," Steve commented. "I think we should all go together."

"There's no way, the car will get very heavy," the girl replied. "We have to get the boys bikes yet, they left in the lab. Besides, you have to pack my weapons, it's better that the boys are away and you're near the gate. "

She had a point. So she went to Jonathan's room and changed her flowered dress into trousers, boots, and a coat, all of which Nancy had brought in a backpack.

Nancy, Steve, and Jonathan left, leaving Seven, the boys and the thousand yards of rope behind. The five of them began to walk, each taking some ropes and tying one another, making a gigantic rope.

"Thank you for that," said Mike, who was walking alongside Seven and holding the strings tied to his shoulder that formed the shape of a hula hoop. "For helping us. It must be very difficult for you, to go to the laboratory, to enter the upside down. But you are risking yourself for El. That's very important to us."

"Especially for you," Seven said, raising an eyebrow and giggling as Mike's face turned red. "You like her, do not you, boy?"

"What?! No! No, no, no, no, we ... We just ... "he stammered. He stopped talking when he saw Seven's gaze and sighed. "I do not know, okay? I've never liked any girl before, not one of them even wants to talk to me just when they needed the answers to the test. But El is ... She's so incredible. She is so strong and powerful and not only by the powers, but because she went through everything here and yet she trusted me, trusted the boys and protected us. I know I have no idea

what she's been through, she's never told me, but just by listening to your story I think I can get an idea and I feel like crying just thinking about what she must have lived through. " He paused for a moment and looked at Seven. "Do not tell anyone the weeping part, please."

"I will not, I promise," said Seven, amused.

"And she's so beautiful," Mike said blushing so hard his freckles stood out even more in his face. "She has those brown eyes that if you look good you can see how curious about the world and the life she is. And even without the hair, she is beautiful. And it's just ... Fun to be by her side, comforting to have her presence and I feel on top of the world when I can explain something to her, because that powerful girl trusts *me* to explain unexplained things. Do you think it's love? "

"I do not know," the girl replied, deciding to be honest. "I've never loved."

"Have not you met anyone in the last few years?" The boy asked.

"Let's just say I had more important things to do" said Seven, messing with Mike's hair. "But if one day I love, I will trust you, just as you have trusted me."

A loud noise was heard and Seven noticed that Will, Dustin, and Lucas had stopped and were somewhat alarmed at what they saw. They had arrived in the laboratory and the bicycles were just ahead, but two figures were on the way. Two boys Seven knew well.

The same boys who pushed Will into a flower bush and shouted that he was a fag. The same kids who threw food at Dustin near a diner in town and shouted that he was a fat guy with no teeth. The same kids who punched Mike in the stomach and shouted that his face was disgusting. The same boys who pushed Lucas into the mud and screamed lots of racist comments.

The boys that Seven decided from the day she laid eyes on them she could not stand.

"The freaks have arrived!" Exclaimed the boy from the front with a somber smile on his face. "We thought we were going to meet you

around here."

"Damn," said Dustin, rubbing his hands over his face. Troy and James were the last thing they needed now.

"Go away, Troy," Lucas said. "We have more important things to do."

"Do you want the bikes? Of course! You can get it," Troy said, pulling away. Dustin stepped forward and James laughed. "But you're going to have to fight for them."

"For God's sake," groaned Dustin in frustration. "We have an important commitment. Just let us take the bike and pester us the other day. "

"But what's funny about that?" Troy mocked. "If you want the bikes, just come here and get them, but you have to get past us first. Oh! Even better. If the little fag can get me there, I'll leave you with all the bikes intact. "

Will cringed, embarrassed, and James and Troy laughed out loud. The boys snorted indignantly. Troy took a step forward, heading toward Will, but was stopped by Seven who stood between them. In the excitement of teasing the boys, none of the bullies noticed the girl's presence.

"You're getting out of here now," Seven threatened. Troy flinched a little, intimidated by the older, pretty, threatening-looking, sour-faced girl. But pride spoke louder and he lifted his chin defiantly.

"Or what?".

"Or I'll make you leave," the girl replied. She took a step forward, causing Troy and James to retreat. "I'm going to take this rope, tie you two and leave you here to be eaten by the wolves or to freeze until you die. Whatever comes first. "

Threatening children was off Seven's morale. She knew what it was like to be threatened, what it was like to feel like her life was at stake. But if she had something that she did not admit and that took all her patience was violence being used to hurt and intimidate those who were different.

This she would not let it happen.

That scared the bullies. They looked at each other and ran quickly in the opposite direction. The boys started laughing and hugged Seven, who was uncomfortable.

"That was amazing!" Exclaimed Lucas.

"I almost ran out of fear!" Said Mike.

"You made them shit in their pants!" Dustin laughed.

Will held her a little tighter. She thanked the compliments and asked the boys to stop yelling at the same time. They recovered their bikes and followed the path deeper into the forest to the place Nancy had shown them earlier. When they arrived it was already dark and the rest of the group was already there.

"Well, that's it," said Seven. She began to reformulate the plan, to make sure that everything was in order. "We've finished tying the ropes, I think I can go a long way to find Eleven. Mike, you stay here with Lucas while Dustin and Will go to Mike's house. Stay in the basement, more specifically inside the tent where we saw El. Nancy, Jonathan and Steve stay here looking after the boys. Did you buy everything? "

"All weapons are loaded," Jonathan replied. "I bought at least ten lanterns, they are all in the backpack, so if the energy of an end you will not stay in the dark. Will's walkie talkie is here. " He handed the object to Seven.

"I know this is going to be pretty scary," Seven said, approaching Will and putting her hand on his shoulder. "But I need you to try as hard as you can to go into the upside down. Do not worry, okay? I will be there".

"I do not know how it works," the boy said softly just to her. "I'm afraid to end up there physically again."

"You will not," Seven assured. "But if that happens, I promise I will not leave without you. I'd rather die than leave you or anyone there. "

He hugged her and Seven smirked. She was not a person of hugs. She was not a touch person in general, but there was something about Will Byers that made him an exception.

"Well, it's time," she said, stopping in front of the tree-hole. She tied the rope around her waist and looked at the rest of the group, not looking at anyone in the eye. The frightened, apprehensive looks would make her change her mind. "See you on the other side."

Without waiting for an answer, she bent down and crawled through the hole. Her clothing was covered in a stinking, hot slime that ran down her hair and into her coat. She swallowed her vomit and continued.

When the air became heavy and the atmosphere extremely still she knew she was not home anymore.

I'm back! And now i have some free time to write and make this story finally gets some action hahaha what did you guys thinks? Did you enjoy? Next chapter it's going to be loooooong and really importante, so hope you guys like it!

And thank you so much for all the love! I just love you guys omg

Kisses 3

8. Chapter 8

Seven had never witnessed the upside down that way. Being there by dreams and physically were two extremely different experiences, both terrifying in their own way.

The forest was wetter and darker, with the trees rotting and the smell of mold in the air. Paralyzed, she looked around her, a shiver running down her spine as she realized how quiet the upside down was. There was no wind, no birds or small animals in the forest, so quiet that she could hear only her own breathing and her heart pounding in her chest.

"Seven! Can you hear me? Over"said a voice, startling her. She looked at the walkie-talkie in her right hand and pressed the answer button.

"I'm here, but try to speak louder. Do you understand me? " she replied. Mike's voice was low, almost as if she heard him underwater.

"Your voice is strange, but it is understandable. Say the over when you finish talking, so you know I can answer. Over!"

Seven rolled her eyes for a moment, but she was lost when it came to these children.

"Okay, I understand. Over" she said. Lucas's voice appeared, a little low and hard to understand.

"That's the most ridiculous rule-"

"Shut up, Lucas! Now, Seven, what do you see? Over".

"I'm in the woods for sure," she replied, pulling the walkie-talkie closer to her mouth. The flashlight in her hand blinked and went out for a few seconds as she stepped away from the hole in the tree. "It's hard to see, but I think it's the same forest, it's just more ... dead."

Mike did not answer, and with a sigh and an eye roll she completed her speech:

"Over".

"Okay, according to our theory, the upside down is an alternate dimension of our world. It means that wherever you are you will be mirrored with where we are. It means that when I tell you to go right, you go to the left. You understand me? Over".

"Got it. Wait a second," she replied. She took the backpack off her back and opened it. Inside was a blanket, at least eight different lanterns and four types of guns, all loaded. She took one and slid it into the belt of her trousers. Then she did the same with some flashlights to make it easier to pick them up. "Ready. Where do I go?"

"You have to say-"

"Forget about the over!" Said Lucas impatiently taking the walkie-talkie from Mike's hands. "Mike's house is in the direction of our right, that is, to your left. Walk for at least ten minutes. You will find a road. "

Seven did as she was told. Carefully, she stared at the ground, trying to dodge the noisy branches and dry leaves. The blinking flashlight constantly made the situation even worse, leaving the girl in the dark and clear, dark and clear, dark and clear, over and over again. The gun around her waist grew heavy and a trickle of sweat trickled from the back of her neck down her spine. The place was so humid (different from the dry winter temperature in Hawkins) that Seven's clothes quickly clung to her body.

At the same time, Mike and Lucas walked in the same direction as the girl, only mirrored. They followed her, while Nancy, Jonathan, and Steve stood by the doorway, carefully taking care of the huge rope that was tied around Seven's waist.

No one spoke for a long time. Seven, particularly, for being too scared to say anything. The girl did not like to admit it, but there were still many things that frightened her. Police officers (or government men in general), hospitals, rains with lightning and anywhere that brought her flashbacks to her past. The dark and shadowy forest of the upside down was now at the top of the list.

A road appeared a little in the distance and Seven felt she was in the

right place. "I'm on the road," she said to the walkie-talkie.

"Me too. What do you see?" Asked Mike. His voice made more noise than it had before.

"Hawkins's lab," she said weakly. *Shit, shit, shit, this is no time to flashbacks. Recompose yourself.* "Where do I go?"

"Go up the street," Mike's voice answered. "It's kind of uneven, covered by ups and downs."

Seven did as she was asked, trying hard not to look back. The lab, she thought, was the darkest place she'd ever laid eyes on. There it was even worse. Completely decayed, covered in moss, plants and other things she did not know, but she did not ask any questions either.

She had not taken ten steps when she abruptly stopped. A little farther forward, huge and odd objects caught her eye. The girl came over and bent over to look at things that looked like huge eggs, some open and some shredded.

"What the fuck is that?" Seven asked to herself. She reached out and lightly touched the egg shell with her fingertips. It was smooth and dry, though inside it had a gooey look, the same thick white goo that lay on her back and hair.

God, she needed to show this to the boys. But how? Maybe she could take a piece of the egg. They were smart kids, they could do something about it. She picked up a piece of the bark that lay on the floor and leaned close to her legs. Then she opened the backpack and removed the camp blanket from inside.

To her surprise, something dropped from the bag as she pulled the cloth. Jonathan's camera hit the grass with a thud.

"God bless you, Jonathan Byers," she sighed. Seven had never used one before, but it could not be that difficult. She pointed to the egg in front of her and pressed the button. The flash was so clear that it illuminated a good part of her front and blinded her for a moment.

Before she knew it, everything went dark. Her flashlight went out and did not come back on. Will's walkie-talkie also stopped working.

"Shit," she murmured. Before she could get one of the other lanterns fastened on her belt, she heard a noise. A swaying of leaves not too far from her, which made the girl freeze. There was no wind in the upside down, so there was something there, among the trees and bushes, probably watching her.

She did not dare turn on the light again. Whatever it was, there was a chance that it would not have seen her, that it had appeared when the flashlight went off. Blindly, Seven put the blanket back and the camera back in the backpack and closed the zipper very slowly to prevent any noise. She thought about collecting some of the egg, but the leaves stirred again and she was frightened.

She crawled across the floor, feeling her hands hurt by stones, eggshells, and sticks. The bushes moved again, making her accelerate. It was only when she felt the asphalt in her hands that she got up and walked, still not running. She was afraid of the noise her shoes would make if she quickened her pace.

At the same time, Jonathan knew they were in deep shit.

When the crash of a car suddenly stopped in the distance, he felt they might be in trouble. When Joyce appeared, panting and with mad eyes next to Hopper, he was absolutely certain that they were completely fucked.

"Jonathan!" She shouted, startling the teenagers. "What is going on? What are you doing?"

"Mom! What are you doing here? You should be at work! "Jonathan replied looking at Nancy and Steve who looked more lost than he. What would they do?

"And I was!" Joyce shouted, putting her hands on her waist and staring at her son with accusing eyes. "But imagine my surprise when Hopper came to talk to me about you being with a strange girl you met on your trip to college. The trip is only scheduled for next month! What's going on, Jonathan? "

"How did they know where we were?" Steve asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I had a feeling," Hopper said. He then stretched Jonathan a bag. "You forgot that at the hunting lodge. A gun and some flashlight batteries. I do not think you were going to the movies, since you went in the wrong direction after you said goodbye to me. "

When Jonathan did not move to take the bag, Joyce and Hopper's eyes turned to his hands. More specifically for the rope that moved without stopping, as if pulled by someone.

"What? What do you- "Joyce's eyes followed the length of the object and fell over the hole at the base of the huge tree. She gasped and stepped back. "That's ... Is that what I'm thinking?"

The teenagers nodded and she and Hopper exchanged glances.

"Who's on the other side, Jonathan? Where's Will? "

"I would never put Will in danger and you know," Jonathan replied, feeling the anger grow inside him. "Will is at Mike's house with Dustin. Mike and Lucas are going there, they are ... They are walking with Seven, only in our dimension. "

"Seven?" Hopper asked, moving closer to Jonathan.

"The girl," Nancy replied. "Her name is Seven and she's like Eleven. Please, listen to us. You need to understand ... ".

"What do you mean 'like Eleven'?" asked the sheriff.

"She has powers," Steve said. "She was used as experiments, just like Eleven. She escaped a few years ago and met the boys yesterday. We formulate a plan, she has a connection with Eleven, she can talk to her and she knows where she is. "

Joyce covered her mouth with her hands and Hopper remained quiet for a while, pensive, staring at the floor.

"More than one? But I found ... They only care about her, "he murmured to himself for a while. "How can there be more than one? I found it ... It does not make sense. "

When he saw everyone watching him speak to himself, Hopper

straightened his back and cleared his throat.

"No matter who she is, she needs to get out of there," he said and tried to pull the strings from Jonathan's hands. As the boy pulled away, he continued, "The air is toxic, Jonathan. The girl can die in there without the proper clothes. She needs to get out of there now! "

Jonathan and Nancy gasped and then looked at each other. Was the air toxic? But Nancy was there. She *breathed* in that air. Taking advantage of their distraction, Hopper tore the rope out of the teenager's hands.

"Hopper, wait!" Shouted Jonathan, but it was late. With all his might, Jim pulled the rope.

On the other side, a violent force pulled at Seven's waist, taking the air out of her. Her feet came off the ground and she smacked her mouth on the asphalt so hard the noise echoed through the place and she swallowed blood. The girl began to be dragged, her skin scratching with the rough asphalt, the backpack tossed over her head, trailing her cheek against the floor.

"Seven? What's going on? "Shouted Mike's voice over the walkie-talkie. The object had come back to work (as well as the flashlight) when she had gone far enough away from the eggs and the mysterious creature in the bushes.

"Something caught me!" The girl cried in terror. "I'm being dragged!"

Oh God, oh God, it was the monster. He had found her. She was going to die, she was going to die, she was going to die!

Trying not to let go of the left-hand walkie-talkie, Seven stretched her right and tried to hold onto her fingernails, which served only to break them and make them bleed.

"Holy shit," Lucas cursed. "Seven, calm down! Try to hold on to something! Maybe it's Jonathan, maybe something went wrong. Find something to hold on to, we'll try to talk to Nancy! She's got Dustin's walkie-talkie. "

The object was mute and Seven felt tears blurring her vision. Fighting

a panic attack, she glanced around with difficulty trying to find something to cling to. She cried more when she realized she was in the middle of the street to reach the sidewalks.

Please don't. She could not die and leave that little girl here. She had to save her. She could not let Eleven die in that hell.

Mike's voice resurfaced when Seven's cheek was already raw after being dragged down the asphalt.

"Seven, it's Sheriff Hopper! He has discovered it all and is pulling it too. Jonathan is trying to stop, but Will's mother is there too. He said the air is toxic! "

The relief she felt was so strong that her whole body froze and she stopped feeling her own feet. The creature had not found her. She was safe. Or at least as safe as anyone could be in that place.

"I'm not leaving here," she said to the walkie-talkie. Now, calmer, she tried to see her options. She was still being pulled, but she fought, braver than before. "I'm going to save Eleven."

"But the air is toxic," Lucas argued. "Are you sure about this? Maybe it's better to come back, to see the plan better ... ".

"No," the girl cut him off. "I'm not leaving here without the girl. Wait."

She hung up and let go of the walkie-talkie. Turning upside down, she tried to untie the knot of the rope, but it was tied tightly and her nails still were not fully healed.

"Shit," she cursed. She looked around and still saw nothing she could grasp. The backpack on her back lifted her back, but there was no way to reach her. Suddenly she remembered the knife in her right shoe, something Steve had given her in case something went wrong with the guns. "God bless Steve Harrington and his stupid hair."

Bending over to reach for her boot, Seven felt the fabric of her pants rip and the skin of her buttocks burn. Cursing, she took the knife and began to cut the rope.

"Come on, goddamn it, come on," she murmured, biting her lip. Out of nowhere the rope stopped pulling and the girl imagined that Jonathan had managed to get the rope out of Hopper's hands. Knowing guards, she knew he would not give up so easily. Fighting against time, she continued to cut with all her strength until the rope finally broke.

When the object was pulled back, Seven was already walking toward the walkie-talkie on the floor.

"I let go," she said. Her skin burned, but she ignored it, already accustomed to the sensation. Looking around she realized that everything was extremely dark, but the lanterns on her waist had broken when she hit the ground. "Damn, my flashlights broke."

"All of them?" Mike asked worriedly. Seven came down on her knees and opened her bag, blindly searching for the few flashlights she had left inside the object.

"I have only a few now," she answered, lighting one of them. "I'm near a pawn shop. Where do I go?"

"We passed it by now, you're close," Mike replied. "Turn on the parallel corner and go up the street. My house is there about three blocks up".

Seven began to walk, but a light a little behind her caught her attention. It was strong and lit the street, almost reaching her. She ran to the curb and hid behind a wall. As the light neared, she froze.

A group of at least four men in white lab clothing walked down the street, pointing huge lanterns to every corner of the street. Seven flinched even more, her heart pounding so hard she was afraid they could hear.

"Do you think she's around?" Asked one of the men. His voice was slightly distorted thanks to the mask.

"She could not have gone far, she's very weak," answered the man who was walking ahead.

This voice.

She knew that voice.

Raising her neck a little, Seven tried to get a better look from the man. When he turned to speak to a man behind him, the girl froze.

She would never forget that face. The white skin, the wrinkles of an adult man, the white, bulky hair.

She would never forget those eyes that looked so intently, so curiously, so coldly that she saw them in her nightmares.

And she would never forget that voice that repeated countless times 'fascinating, fascinating' as the doctors held her firmly by the arms and legs and cut the sole of her foot watching the skin regenerate.

Seven would never forget Dr. Martin Brenner.

The girl watched the men walk past her, frozen in their place, feeling black spots blur their sight. *Do not panic. Do not panic. Think about the girl. You can not go wrong now, she needs you.*

When the group of men turned the wrong corner, part of the weight Seven felt on her shoulders was gone. Carefully, she stepped out of her hiding place and waited until the street went dark again.

"We have a problem," she said to the walkie-talkie. "Answer me softly."

"What happened?" Mike replied, controlling his voice as requested.

"There are people here"

"People ?!" Mike and Lucas asked simultaneously.

"Men, four of them for now. I recognize one of them, they're from the lab. They're looking for Eleven. "

Lucas's heart speeded up and Mike gasped. What if they got her? She could not go back to that place, she did not deserve it. She deserved a happy life, with people who loved her...

"They went the wrong way," Seven continued. "They're moving away

from your house. I'll try to hurry up, get her before them. Do not talk to me unless I call you, I do not want you to call attention to me. And talk to your sister, let her know what's going on. Go home! There are four of them here, so there are certainly more of them there with you. Stay. At. Home".

She hung up the walkie-talkie and put it in her bag. Then she started walking faster, taking long strides, trying hard not to make a sound. When she spotted at Mike's house, she was breathless and sweaty. The place was falling apart, so she just came in through the front door that was with rotting wood.

She thought of calling for Eleven, but she restrained herself. She did not know if there was anything else in the house or the surroundings, so she would rather remain silent. She paced the house, watching the webs of goo dripping down the walls and dust particles flying through the air. Slowly opened the door to the basement and quietly descended the stairs.

She found Eleven huddled between the musty sheets and pillows. She was shaking and was cold, but she was alive.

"El!" called Seven crouching close to the girl. Pulling her closer, she continued, "Eleven, it's me, Seven. Open your eyes!"

Eleven did as she was told. She opened her eyes slowly and frowned.

"Will ... was here," she murmured.

"Will was here?" Seven asked as she took the pack from her shoulders and opened it. "Where is him now?"

"Home," answered Eleven. "He's safe."

With a sigh of relief, Seven took the blanket from the backpack and covered Eleven with it. The little girl sighed, curling even more into the blanket, rubbing her face in the soft fabric.

"Okay, is it hot?" she asked. Then she put her hand inside her backpack. "A certain Mike told me that you like these here, he made sure I brought them to you ...".

She removed a box of eggos from her bag. Eleven's eyes flashed and she grabbed the food, chewing fiercely.

"Calm down," Seven said, running a hand through Eleven's short, embarrassed hair. "You're going to be sick. Eat slowly. "

They stood there, still, for a few minutes. Seven took the time to look at the younger one, who was so skinny and dirty that it was almost unrecognizable.

How had she survived for so long in that place? No food or water ... And why did not she try to escape? She knew the portal was there, but she stayed in that horrible place for a year...

"Eleven?" Began Seven. She looked at her, her mouth still full of food. "How did you stay here for so long?"

"Food," answered Eleven. "In the forest. Every day in the box. "

"Food appeared to you?" Asked the older woman in confusion. "Did anyone leave you food? Who?"

"I do not know," she replied. "It just ... showed up."

"If you knew the portal, why did not you ever try to leave?"

"Tried," answered Eleven, shivering. "Bad men. Every day, never the same. Fear. I run, I hid. Now... more times. No courage. I did not look for food. Weak ".

"All right, I understand," said Seven, realizing that her friend seemed extremely frustrated at not being able to communicate. She remembered herself, younger, feeling very angry for just not being able to ask to eat the cookies on the cupboard. "I understand you, El. I know how bad it is, but I'll get you out of here. "

Suddenly, Eleven clutched at Seven's forearm.

"Bad men," she whispered frightened.

"I know, I understand, you'll never-"

"No," Eleven said, pointing to the basement door. "Bad men."

And then she understood. Feeling the blood sweep over her face, Seven stuttered:

"They are here?!".

The two got up, but Eleven's weak, wobbly legs made her stagger and fall on the older girl.

"Are they inside the house?" she asked.

"Out. Two behind, two in the front," Eleven answered.

Shit, they were surrounded.

Seven put the backpack on her back and took Eleven in her lap. The ease with which she did this gave her an idea of how frighteningly thin the little girl was. Seven had lost weight and muscle, was not the strongest and yet lifted El as if she had the weight of a bird.

Knowing they could not get out of the basement window, Seven climbed the stairs with Eleven on her lap. As she entered the hall, she heard a noise approaching the front door. She ran upstairs and hid in one of the bedrooms.

God, what would they do? They were surrounded, the four men already downstairs. There were no stairs and no time to do anything with the sheets. With her healing ability she could take a chance, but she would not put Eleven's life ...

A plan came into her mind. A stupid, dangerous plan that could go extremely wrong.

"Okay, Eleven, I need you to listen to me," she said, putting the girl down and looking into her tired eyes. "I need you to use all the strength you have left, okay? When those men go into the basement, I need you to lock them in. "

"All right," El murmured. She closed her eyes and frowned. Drops of sweat appeared on her forehead as she whispered, "Done."

Seven then opened the window that faced the back of the house, near the trees, and looked down. The height made her dizzy, but she ignored the feeling.

"Now, I need you to trust me," Seven said, taking Eleven's face in her hands and looking into her deep eyes. "I'm going to put the two of us downstairs, but I need you to drag me to the trees, okay? I know you're tired, but you're brave and I trust you, Eleven."

When Eleven nodded, Seven took a deep breath. Putting the knapsack on El's chest, Seven turned her and pressed her back against the chest. Then she slipped the straps of the backpack over her shoulders, making a kind of sandwich in which Eleven was the stuffing.

She drew the two of them out of the window, both of them facing away. With a sigh and a little dizziness, she folded El's legs and held them up the inside of her thighs. Finally, she made one last request:

"El, do not be afraid, okay? But cover my mouth with your hands. Do not let me scream and when we're down there, remember that I'll be fine. It's temporary, okay? "

With one last look at the ground, Seven put her plan into practice.

Something funny about being down is that everything goes in slow motion. Seven felt her body fall slowly, that cold of the stomach appear and her own hair floated around, covering her face and vision. She felt Eleven's hands cupping her mouth tighten her face, the broken nails scraping the skin around her lips.

But unlike the fall, the arrival to the ground is fast and painful. Her back was the first, beating so hard that Seven lost all the air in her lungs. The bile came up with a scream and she felt the taste of the vomit and blood in her mouth. The legs and arms, next to the hip came later, breaking and moving in several different directions.

She did not break her neck because she knew how to avoid it. If she broke the neck she would need someone to put it in place for her to come back to life. She did not trust those men who arrested her, so she learned little by little how to avoid hurting her neck every time they threw her from ever higher heights.

The sound of her shattering and shifting bones echoed in the void and was not followed by a cry because Eleven did as she was told and held the mouth of Seven closed.

"Quick," whispered Seven in a hoarse voice and choked on some blood. "They may have listened."

Eleven rose a little dizzy from the fall, but unharmed. Her brown eyes were even larger and frightened, but she was a brave little girl and quickly composed herself. Raising her hand, she guided Seven's bruised body through the air into the forest and continued walking for a while knocking in, away from the bad men.

"Do not look at me," Seven said after Eleven landed her on a softer-looking sheet of leaves. "And cover your ears."

Her right hand had been spared to the forearm, which was a relief. This allowed Seven to stretch the unbroken part of her arm and rest her hand on the other shoulder. With a jerk, she put her left shoulder in place.

Fuck, she thought. *I'd forgotten how this shit hurt.*

She kept putting the bones back, swallowing the bad taste of vomit and blood that popped into her mouth whenever the sound of bones echoed through the forest. Eleven stood quietly, her hands covering her ears and the blanket warming hers like a cocoon.

When she heard a slight noise in the distance, Seven stood up, believing she had put all the bones in place. She grabbed Eleven's arm and dragged the little girl through the forest.

Find the road, find the road. Damn Hopper, making her cut the rope. If she was still tied she could find the way...

Seven's vision blurred as the two of them approached the pawn shop where she passed earlier. Black dots floated in front of her eyes and she felt her body begin to soften.

"Close," Eleven said, holding Seven's hand and pulling it in one direction. The older woman's body staggered and she struggled to keep herself upright.

What is going on? What was wrong? Was it a lot of effort after the fall? She recovered quickly, did not make sense.

The air has stopped coming into her lungs when she can already see the portal in the tree. She fell hard on the ground, swallowing some dirt and feeling her legs tingle.

"Seven," Eleven murmured, trying to lift her up. "Do not stop. Close, we're close. What is going on?"

"I'm fine," Seven whispered. Her back ached, her lungs could not catch enough air, her vision was almost all black. "Get in the hole, quick, get in the hole."

Eleven pulled one of Seven's arms and dragged her. The older girl moaned and tried to see something, but all she saw was Eleven's scared, extremely erased face.

"Call Jonathan," Seven said, pushing Eleven's legs toward the hole.

"Jonathan! Jonathan!" Eleven shouted, drawing half of her body into the portal. Quickly she whole body was pulled out and Seven watched her thin legs disappear into the slime.

She was no longer awake when Jonathan's arm crossed the portal, grabbed her wrist and pulled her out of the upside down.

Wow! That was hard, my fingers hurt right now hahaha hope you guys enjoy it! Please tell me your opinion about everything that happened, this chapter gave me a hard time, but I'm happy with the result!

Any questions i'm more than glad to respond!

Kisses 3

9. Chapter 9

When Jonathan pulled the teen out of the hole, everyone in the place held their breath.

What Hopper saw first were the torn clothes, clearly because they had been rubbed hard into something rough. She was also dirty from head to toe, with dirt, clay, leaves scattered all over her skin and hair. But that was not what made the sheriff's eyes widen and his jaw drop.

It was the scratches and bruises scattered across her face and hands that were disappearing right in front of his eyes. The cuts were closing, the blue of the bruises becoming yellow and disappearing. The great bloody scratch on her cheek closed and healed at a slow but noticeable speed.

"Oh my God," Joyce murmured as she held Eleven against her chest. "How is this possible?"

"What's going on?" Jonathan asked. "What happened? Why is she unconscious? "

"Hurt," muttered Eleven, curling even more in the blanket. "She saved me, she... Jumped out of the house. Too tall, it hurt the bones."

"She jumped from our second floor?" Nancy asked, her eyes wide. "Why? Why would it save you in any way? "

"Protected me. Protected me from the ground, "answered Eleven struggling with the words. "Like... like a bed."

"Did she cushion your fall?!" asked Steve, running his hand over the bulging tuft. "Holy fucking shit, this is crazy."

"Language," Joyce said, covering Eleven's ears with her hands.

"But that does not make sense," Jonathan said, putting his head on Seven's chest to feel her heartbeat. "She said when bones break, you just have to put them back in place. Seven said that after that her body would recover. "

"Jonathan, look at her lips!" Shouted Nancy pointing at Seven lying unconscious on the floor.

The group turned and everyone noticed the bluish color the girl's lips began to take. Hopper knelt beside her and Jonathan and put his head on her chest. Then he put his finger down her nostrils.

"Her heart is beating, but she stopped breathing," he concluded. Come on Hopper, think. What could have gone wrong? "Eleven, did anything happen that might have caused it? Some attack, some food ... ".

"No, no," said El, shaking her head, trying to remember every detail of what had just happened. "She fell. My powers, I used ... I used the powers, I took her away. She got better. Noise from bones. Bad, really bad. It made me sick. "

"And then? After she repaired the bones, what happened? "

"Noise. We run. Then she ... she ... ".

Why was it so difficult to talk? Tears of frustration blurred Eleven's vision. She wanted so badly to explain what had happened, she wanted to help Seven as she was helped, but the words were so messed up in her mind, stumbling through her mouth, confused and lost.

"It's okay, it's okay," Joyce said, hugging the little girl. "We understand, dear. Do not worry".

"Maybe she can not breathe," said Nancy. "I'm not trying to say the obvious, think with me. Eleven said they heard a noise and ran. Maybe Seven has not put all the bones in the right place because of the desperation, something may be affecting her lungs. "

Taking the story into consideration, Hopper began to feel Seven's head and shoulders. Realizing that everything seemed in place, it shifted to the abdomen and the ribs. Suddenly he gasped.

"The ribs are badly placed, they are preventing the lungs from expanding," he concluded. "Running with compressed lungs has made her lose consciousness, there is not enough oxygen in the blood."

"And what do we do?" Steve asked.

"Hold her shoulders and legs, I'll try to put the ribs in the right place," Hopper replied.

The teenagers moved, while Joyce tried to make everything easier for Eleven. They held Seven's neck, shoulders and legs tightly, while Hopper hovered over the girl.

"Keep her torso completely still," he ordered. Then she put her hands on the girl's ribs and took a deep breath. "I'll count to three. One, two, three."

The clatter of bones made everyone feel sick. Unfortunately, this was not enough for Seven to return to consciousness.

"One more time," Hopper said between his teeth. "One, two, three".

In a sudden movement, Seven woke up. Her back arched and she sucked air into her lungs making a loud sound. Everyone around sighed with relief and watched the teenager cough and choke.

"What... What happened?" she asked hoarsely.

"Your ribs affected your lungs," Hopper replied. "I put them in place. You are saved now. "

"Is Eleven okay?" she asked sitting down. Nancy put her hand on her back and gave her a boost.

El left Joyce's arms and went to Seven. She wrapped her arms around her waist, buried her face in Seven's belly.

"Thank you," she whispered. Seven gave a small smile.

"I know how it is, kid" she said. "What it's like to go through what you've been through. You will not be alone anymore, I promise. They're going to have to pass me to touch you"

With Jonathan's help, Seven wobbled to Hopper's car. Joyce kept talking:

"Do not think that you will get rid of this situation. Get into that awful place, make plans behind my back! What would you have done if you had hurt yourselves? And the men? Oh God, there were mens there, Mike warned us. What if they had seen you? Kidnapped you? Look what they did to your brother, they pretended to kill him, they made me bury him! Those damn ... ".

Hopper remained silent. The events of last year going through his mind like a movie, keeping him restless. No one knew what he had done. He tried, for a year, to get the girl out of there. But now there were others, other children with extraordinary abilities being held.

Out of the corner of his eye, he watched the thin, trembling teenage girl stumble around a bit around Eleven.

Maybe she could help him. She tricked him with her lies how few were capable. Her eyes were clever, curious, quick thinking. Maybe she knew something that would help him. Maybe she was what he had been looking for, someone who could end this web of tests and torture...

"Leave them with us," Hopper said to Jonathan as he guided Eleven into his car. "If there are men inside the upside down as the girl said, then there are men out here as well. They're safer with me. We met at the Wheeler's house. "

Seven sat in the backseat with Eleven and let the youngest put her head on her shoulder. There was something about these children that made her comfortable with physical contact, something that was always so taxing and traumatic that it made her uncomfortable even with the presence of people.

"We're going through the lab, you'd better get down," Hopper said. Seven obeyed him by lying on the bench and standing face to face with El. The two were so thin that standing aside they fit into the bank.

"Are you okay?" Seven asked, looking at Eleven's startled brown eyes.

"Yes," she replied. "Tired. Hunger. But well".

The smile on her lips made it all worth it.

"Are you excited to see the boys?" She asked. Eleven's eyes flashed.

"Friends. Yes, Yes! I miss my friends. I miss them. "

"They miss you, too. Do not stop talking about you, they'll be in ecstasy when they see you. "

"Ecstasy?" El asked, frowning.

"It's like when you're so happy you feel like your heart is going to explode. The boys are going to be very happy to see you, especially Mike. "

Eleven's cheeks gained a little more color.

"Mike," she murmured. "You think ... he missed me?"

"Oh kid, you have no idea," Seven answered with a giggle.

In the front seat, Joyce and Hopper talked.

"How are we going to explain this to Mike's parents?" Joyce asked. "It was crazy for me and I saw it with my own eyes ...".

"I do not even want to think about it," Jim said. "Do you remember when the school's fire alarm went off unintentionally? I had to listen to a two-hour speech about how we put kids' lives at risk. "

"I'm not joking, Jim," Joyce chided. "This can end up really bad. We have to protect Eleven if Karen decides to call the police ... ".

"She will not," Hopper said, turning the corner and finding his fate in the distance. "Karen Wheeler might scare me, but I'm the police. I'm not going to let her put the girl's life in danger."

When they stopped the car, Jonathan appeared. The group got out of the cars and walked to the door. When Karen answered, scared it was too late for someone to knock on her door, Hopper swallowed it dry.

"Sheriff Hopper? Joyce? It's too late, is everything okay? The

children...".

Karen stopped talking as her eyes fell on the two bruised, dirty girls.

"Hi Karen!" Joyce said with a forced smile. "We need to talk".

-Oo-

"Mike, can you stop circling?" Lucas complained as he watched his friend walk through the small basement space in the same way after almost two hours. "You're getting on my nerves!"

"They should already be here," Mike replied, running his hand through his hair. "It's been a long time. What if something went wrong? What if they got hurt? "

"Mike, shut up!" Said Dustin.

"Shut up? Seven does not answer for more than an hour. They may be injured. Eleven may be dead! "

"No, seriously, shut up and listen!"

The four boys were silent and heard the noise coming from upstairs. The voices mingled and Mike recognized his sister and his mother.

"Joyce, this is crazy! And Nancy, you said you were going on a date with Steve and you show up here with the sheriff and these girls ... Why is she wearing your clothes? Why are it destroyed? Oh, what is it, honey? Mike? He's downstairs, but I do not know- "

"Do you think ...?" Will started, but Mike was faster. He ran up the stairs and almost made it to the door when it suddenly opened.

For a year, Mike had plenty of time to wonder what it would be like to meet her again. He imagined it in all the different ways, in every possible place, around all the existing people.

But nothing prepared him for the sensation of looking at her again. His heart hammering so hard his chest ached, his hands sweating, the words shuffled in his head and trapped in his throat. She was dirty, much smaller and leaner than he remembered, covered from head to

toe, almost unrecognizable.

But he would recognize those big brown eyes everywhere.

They looked at each other for a few seconds, still and paralyzed.

"Mike ..." she started to say but was interrupted.

"YOU ARE OK!" shouted Dustin pushing Mike against the wall and hugging Eleven so hard that he pulled her feet off the floor.

The other boys ran and huddled over Eleven, who had her eyes closed and laughed with joy, hugging Dustin back. Seven leaned her shoulder against the wall and stood the stairs, watching the scene with a small smile and arms crossed.

Mike watched the collective embrace with a small smile. His eyes got a little damp and he cursed. Why did it have to be the group's crybaby? Even Will, who was the most sensitive, wept less than him.

Eleven came out of the hug with the biggest smile in the world and turned to Mike.

"El ..." he began, his face growing redder by the minute. "You ... Well, you're ... I mean, I'm-"

She hugged him. Wrapping her arms around Mike's neck, Eleven squeezed him, feeling the warmth of his wrapping around her.

"I missed you too," she whispered.

This made everyone smile in the room, and Mike was so red that he felt his own blood pulsating. But that moment, honestly, was the one that he did not give a damn about the smiles and provocative looks of his friends.

"They're cute, aren't they?" Said Nancy, appearing behind Seven, startling her a little. "And to think that this little liar told me that he did not like her."

"He's thirteen," laughed Seven. "He would never admit that he likes a girl for his own big sister."

"True, but it still hurts my feelings. Here," Nancy said, lifting her a stack of towels. "I thought you and El needed a shower. Mom's downstairs, if she screams a little more, she'll wake the whole neighborhood. Use the bathroom in my room and do not worry about the clothes, you can pick it up in my closet. "

Seven decided to watch the children for some time until they were interrupted.

"Look at you," Lucas said, running his hand over Eleven's head. "You have hair now."

"And you look taller!" Dustin praised. "You overtaken Will."

Eleven grinned, her cheeks starting to ache. But she did not care, she'd never smiled like that.

"Okay, boys, I'm going to steal Eleven from you a little," Seven said, putting one hand on the girl's shoulder. "We both need a good hot shower."

"Oh," said Mike disappointed. "Are you hungry, El?"

When Eleven nodded so excitedly that it made her hair mess, Mike laughed.

"Okay, I'll prepare something for you."

"Eggs?" she asked hopefully.

"Yes, eggs," the boy replied with a smile. "But other things too. You'll like it, I promise. "

"We're going to make your bed!" Will said smiling. "You will love!".

-Oo-

Nancy's room was neat, perfumed, and very feminine. Seven felt even dirtier as she entered. Eleven, unlike her, looked around with a smirk, loving all the pink frilly details. When she turned back to the dressing table, she gasped.

It had been a year since she last looked in the mirror. The upside down was too dark for her to see her own reflection in the dirty, crumbling waters that make up the rivers of that place.

Touching her temple, Eleven wriggled her face in her fingers. Marvelously, she ran her fingers through the strands of hair, feeling a little pain when she unwittingly pulled the knots.

"If you like what you see, wait until you look after the shower," said Seven appearing behind her and also staring at herself in the mirror. Their eyes met and they smiled at each other. "Come on, let's take a shower."

The noise of the hot water brought a smile to Seven's lips. She felt the temperature in her hand and turned to Eleven.

"Okay, I think the temperature is good. You can go first, " she said and turned to leave. Eleven's hand gripped her wrist tightly.

"Stay," she said a little sheepishly. "Help".

"Do you want some help to take a shower?" Seven asked confused. When Eleven pointed to her own head, she understood. "Oh, you've never washed your hair before. Okay, I'll help you, do not worry. "

With an almost maternal smile, Seven helped El in the shower. The younger one washed herself, feeling the texture of the soap and smelling everything that had a chance. As the dirt came out of her body, she was regaining her glow and looking a little healthy. Still very lean, but healthy.

"Nancy has endless types of shampoo," Seven said, wrinkling her nose. "Lavender, strawberries, roses. Jesus, I'm lost. Any preference? "

Eleven pointed to the more pink packaging and Seven smiled in response. After bathing, she wiped El off with the fluffy towels and led her into the bedroom.

"Nancy said you can choose the clothes you want, so have fun. I'm going to take a shower, but I'm going to leave the door open. If you need me, just call. "

As the water ran in the bathroom, Eleven looked around the place. With a warm heart, she smiled at the pink cushions, the frilly covers and the photos that filled the walls. Choosing a pajama top covered with teddy bears, Eleven dressed him up and laughed at how funny it was in her body.

When Seven appeared, curled up in a towel, she found Eleven sitting on the bed with a comb in her hands.

"You want me to comb your hair? No? Oh! Do you want to comb my hair? Okay," said Seven. Then she picked up her pajamas, put them on and sat down on the floor in front of Eleven.

El brushed Seven's curly hair for a few minutes with a small smile. She felt the texture of the strands, watched the beautiful dark color and had fun pulling and releasing the little springs.

"Pretty," she whispered more to herself than anything else.

Seven listened and smiled. Her appearance was never a matter for her to think about often. With a hectic routine of surviving, working hard and fleeing from scientists and underworld creatures, there was not much time for vanity. She was also never a fan of compliments, as they always brought her flashbacks from the guard who tried to kill her and from the mens who felt entitled to follow her down the street shouting obscenities.

But just like the physical touch, there was something in Eleven that did not make her uncomfortable.

The door opened suddenly and Mike came in carrying a stand that supported a plate of soup, some eggos and a glass of orange juice.

"Here it is, I wanted to bring you something tastier, but Will's mother thought something better was lighter since you-" Mike stopped talking as his eyes fell on Eleven. Now that all the dirt had left her body, her face could be seen more clearly and butterflies fluttered through Mike's stomach.

What was that feeling? For God's sake, this is Eleven. Yes, she is beautiful, you know that. What was wrong with him? Say something,

anything!

"Wow, you took a shower."

The act of punching his own face did not just happen because Mike's hands were occupied.

Well done, loser.

Seven tried to control her own laughter, and Eleven was a bit confused by Mike's remark. Yes, she had taken a shower. Why was this relevant to the conversation?

"Did you bring any food?" Seven asked, trying to keep the poor boy from sticking his head into the wall.

"What? Oh yeah! Here," Mike said, taking the tray to the bed. He set it down and straightened, shifting his weight from one leg to the other, clearly nervous. "Well, I'd better go, my mom's a little cross, so ..."

He turned to leave, but Eleven said, "stay" and he quickly turned around.

"Oh, okay, I'll stay. If that's what you want ...".

When the smell of the soup floated through the air, Seven's stomach rumbled. This gave her an idea and with a great impulse she stood up.

"Well, I'm starving too, so I'm going downstairs in the kitchen to get something to eat."

"If you want, I can-"

"No, no, no! I'll get it myself" she replied and quickly left the room. Mike blushed when he realized he was alone with Eleven in a room with the door closed.

But the girl did not seem nervous, on the contrary, she seemed to have an idea. With a sweet smile, Eleven sat on the floor (the spot where Seven had previously held) and handed Mike the hairbrush.

"You want me to... You want me to..." stammered Mike pointing to himself, to El and to the brush repeatedly. Damn, he could not say no when she looked at him like that. "Well, okay."

He sat on the bed behind the girl and began to comb her. Eleven closed her eyes and felt the new sensation. A small growl came from her lips as the brush caught in one of the knots of her hair.

"Sorry," Mike murmured. He was good with hair, especially the curly and long ones. It was his responsibility to dress up Holly when their mother was very busy and his little sister loved braids and ponytails, which he did really well.

Not that someone outside the family knew that.

The two remained silent as Eleven ate the Eggos and Mike watched her. Sometimes he would tilt his head, pretending to comb the side of her hair, when in fact he just wanted to look a little better to her face. Eleven was beautiful. Like very, very, very beautiful. More beautiful than Mike's sister, Nancy. Better, even prettier than Jennifer Hayes, and she was the most beautiful girl in their class.

When Eleven looked at the soup and wrinkled her nose, Mike laughed.

"It's good," he said. "I promise".

That was enough to convince her. Eleven drank the soup, sighed, then smiled. The promises were something that constantly passed in her head while she was stuck in the upside down. Mike never lied to her and he always kept the promises. That was one of the things that made him so incredible.

"Mike?"

"Yes?".

"I'm in ecstasy" said El using the new word she had learned a little earlier.

Mike's freckles stood out as his skin warmed and reddened.

"Me too".

OH MY GOD! DID YOU GUYS SEE THE SEASON 2 TEASER? IM FREAKING OUT!

Really, it was like midnight here in Brazil when it came out and i screamed so loud that my mom almost kill me! Let's talk about that pleeeeeease! What did you guys thought about it?

And thank you so much for all the favorites and comments. Really, i just... oh my god, i just love you guys!

Kisses 3

10. Chapter 10

Outside the room, at the top of the stairs, Seven listened in silence to the conversation that unfolded downstairs.

"This is crazy," said Karen Wheeler, pacing back and forth in her living room. Ted, her husband, sat quietly in his chair. "I thought this was not going to happen. I thought it was all left behind and now you're telling me that ... that girl is back?"

"Karen, you need to understand-" Hopper tried to say but was stopped.

"Understand? I need understand?! My little boy almost died because he got involved with that girl and her abilities that I ... I can not understand how she has them, but my son could have died! Do you have any idea how long it took for me to have my old Mike back? How long, how many months have I been looking into his eyes and only seeing sadness? I can not let my little boy go back to being just the shadow of what he was, it will not happen! "

"Mom, please," Nancy said, trying to calm her down. "It's not Eleven's fault that Mike was like this. She saved him, she's the reason he's alive. "

"She's the reason he was in danger in the first place," Karen replied, her face red and her hands shaking. Then she closed her eyes and sighed wearily. "Look, I get it. I know it does not look like it, but I understand. She is just a child and seems very sweet and gentle, but there is a lot of luggage with her. I almost lost my boy, I can not go through that again. "

She sat down and put her face in her hands. Ted looked extremely uncomfortable and did not know what to do. Joyce, with heavy heart, placed her hand on the other mother's knee.

"Karen, if there's anyone in this room who understands what you're feeling, it's me. I almost lost my Will, he almost died. But I can not blame all those horrible things on the backs of a thirteen-year-old girl. She is the biggest victim of this whole story. Hopper did a bit of

research last year while looking for Will. Those scientists tested with pregnant women, kidnapped Eleven from her mother. The poor thing has been used for a lifetime, God knows what they did to her. And yet she did everything to save my son, to save my family, people she did not even know. Give her a chance, Karen. "

Seven gasped and let her brain process Joyce's words. During all these years the origin of her abilities had always been a great mark of interrogation in her life. The girl had never been able to find an answer as to why she possessed such powers. Why her? And why regeneration? With a leap in her heart, Seven felt short of breath.

Eleven had a family. Someone who would love and care for her. But she was taken from them by those horrible men. And if she had a family, then...

"Okay," Karen replied with a weary sigh. "I will not forbid Mike to see her. She's just a little girl after all. But I can not accept her to live here. I already have three children, Joyce, barely enough room for all of us here. "

Joyce and Hopper exchanged glances.

"She can stay with me," Will's mother replied. "She saved my son and there's no way I can thank Eleven enough. I will welcome her. That girl needs a mother. "

"What about the other girl?" Ted asked, speaking for the first time since his wife had woken him up to talk to his old family friends. "What's her name? Seven? Nancy said she's like the other girl. Who will she be with? You can not raise four children at once, Joyce ... "

Silence spread and Seven's heart stopped beating. Nor did she know for sure what would happen from now on. She lived the last year so focused on finding Will and saving Eleven that now that she had accomplished her goals there was nothing more to do. She would probably leave and live in her car again. She could settle down now, get a more stable job, buy a small apartment...

"She stays with me," Hopper said, leaving everyone in awe. Seven's jaw dropped and Joyce raised an eyebrow. "I have room to spare. I

see no reason why she should not move to live with me. "

"Are you sure?" Joyce asked. "She's already an adult, Jim, she's the age of Jonathan and Nancy. Should not have schooling, you would have to pay school for her, documents, in addition to other costs ... ".

"She stays with me and that's it" said Hopper, standing up. "Mind if I go out for a bit? I need a cigarette. "

Without waiting for an answer, the sheriff left the room, walked down the hall and out the back door. Seven followed him.

The air outside was icy cold, and Seven regretted having dressed in such cool pajamas. Hopper did not look surprised when the door opened behind him and the teenager appeared.

"Let me guess," he said, taking a long drag on the cigarette. "You heard everything."

"I want answers," Seven said, rubbing her arms in a failed attempt to warm up.

"We all do, kid" Hopper replied. "What do you want to know?".

"The mens, those who used us. Who are they? How... Joyce said that Eleven has a mother. If she had anyone, how she ended up in that lab? And the powers? How do we get them? "

"Those men are scientists, all of them. Some infiltrators in large security agencies like the FBI to get secret information about the cold war. They began testing pregnant women for at least 30 years, giving them drugs saying they wanted to discover the horizons of the human mind. All of them were teenagers, very young and without resources. Many did not even know they were pregnant. The drugs have modified Eleven's DNA, which is why she possesses the skills she has.
"

"But why?" Seven asked. "Why would they give them these drugs?"

"Do you want my honest opinion?" Jim asked, taking one last drink on the cigarette and dropping the object to the floor. "Because of the cold war. They were probably hired by big heads of state to get new

cures for diseases and thus make the United States seem superior to the rest of the world. But by the way those were not the effects that drugs created on babies. They modified their DNAs and gave them powers. Lying about drugs is easy, you just have to say that they were projects for years and totally safe. But powers? That would be a worldwide scandal. So they took Eleven out of her family and hid her. And they did the same to you. "

They stared at each other, the sheriff's words hovering in the air.

"What I do not understand is that ... I thought Eleven was unique. She is *all* about what they talk and think. Every part of this project is focused on her and the telekinesis she has. They never commented on other children..."

"Did you talk to them?" Seven asked in a low voice. The air was so cold that smoke came out of her mouth.

Jim ran his hands over his face and sighed.

"In order for them to let us save Will last year, I had to make a deal with them," he explained. "I would give them the location of Eleven and start working with them. Since last year I am part of the group of men who are looking for the girl. "

Seven's eyes changed from frightened to the most complete anger. Jim swallowed hard.

"Before you say anything, I need you to understand that I'm not there because I want to. I'm there because I need to be there. This is how I get the information I need. They think they're using me, but it's the other way around, girl. *I* use them. Each day I gain more and more their trust, enough for them to share valuable information with me. It was so with the box in the forest- "

This caught Seven's attention, and Eleven's words echoed in his mind: *Food. In the forest. Everyday in the box.*

"It's you," she said. "It was you who fed Eleven during those months."

"I could not let the girl starve, it's inhuman. The poor thing was already there alone, starving could not be an option. What I'm saying

is that I believed that after recovering Eleven I would have enough to hand them over. I do not know if the whole government is involved, but the moment the media discovered that it would not matter. The world shock would be enough to keep the story from going blank. But if there are more of you out there, then everything is even bigger than I expected. And I'm going to need your help. "

"Me?!" exclaimed Seven. A thought crossed her mind. "That's why you want me to move in with you. You need me to help you with your plan. "

"You're the answer," Hopper said, his eyes a little crazy. "You were there. You saw everything with your own eyes and your word is worth more in the eyes of a judge than the words of a thirteen-year-old girl. Children are very impressionable, I could have made her head. But not yours. We'd have to make a story, let the monsters go. We would go crazy, no one would believe us and we can not prove it. But American scientists experimenting with children and changing their DNA for political ends? The world would explode. We can not act so immediately, Eleven needs to adjust and I need to make sure they do not know she was saved. Besides, we need more evidence, but what do you say? You are in?"

The words were dead in Seven's throat. She wanted to scream and cry. Would she never have peace? Was not there a moment in her life where she could breathe in peace, knowing there was no more danger? Her mind was a mess. She wanted to help. She wanted to put an end to those horrible people, to see them rot behind the bars. But God, how tired she was. How tired she was of running away, of getting hurt, of feeling so empty that she just wanted it to end.

Before she could answer, the door opened and Jonathan appeared. He frowned at Hopper and Seven, but turned to the girl and said,

"Can I talk to you?"

Seven looked at the sheriff, but he took another cigarette from his coat.

"Go. I have too many cigarettes to smoke. I'll be waiting for your response. "

When she walked into the house, the girl sighed with relief at the warmth of her body. Nancy and Steve were there too.

"What's going on?" she asked.

"We wanted to talk to you before, but we thought we'd better wait for Mom to relax," Nancy said. "We saw something on the road that we thought you needed to see."

-Oo-

When Jonathan stopped the car, Seven felt a shiver run through her spine. She recognized where they were. It was the same isolated field where those three men had chased her and the boys.

"What are we doing here?" she asked, watching Nancy and Steve get out of the car. Jonathan released his own belt as he spoke.

"Remember that you told me that you were pursued with the boys by some men? Well, we came here after we got you out of that hole and saw ... You need to see. "

The teenagers walked to a dark spot a little farther away, illuminating the place only with the lanterns they brought. When she got close enough to see better, Seven gasped.

The spot was actually the car used by men to chase after her. It was parked where she had last seen them, before a huge brush began. What frightened her was how the car was. It was destroyed, the doors falling in several directions as if they had been torn out by something extremely strong. The bonnet was crumpled and the wheels had been torn and shattered. The interior of the car looked like a scene of a massacre. It was covered in blood all over the upholstery and the front glass, which was shattered.

"What happened here?" Seven asked more to herself, coming closer to the car cautiously.

"We do not know," Nancy said, shrinking a little closer to Steve. "We thought maybe you could have answers. What happened that night? "

"Nothing that could cause this," Seven replied, remembering to keep

out the shots that had been exchanged. "They chased us here, but I noticed that their car was too old, so I stuck mine in this tall bush so they could not follow us. It worked, they had to stop. Nobody got hurt, just me. I ... Well, it does not matter. I had a cut on my arm, but I ... "

She stopped talking instantly. A thought crossed her mind so violently that she stared at the car for a few seconds, completely stupefied.

"...I bleed," she said in a whisper.

The words, though low, echoed in the silence of the night and Nancy lost all the color of her face.

"What are you saying?" she asked. "You think ... You think ...".

"The thing?" Asked Steve. "This is impossible. The kids said Eleven destroyed that monster. "

"She did not," Seven admitted. "I did not dare to tell, but the creature is alive. How does Mike call him? Demogorgon? It was not destroyed. Just started chasing me a year ago. "

"That does not make sense," Jonathan said anxiously. The creature could not be back! "How did the creature find you? You were on the other side of the country. And why attack these men? It was you who was bleeding ... ".

"It's the flowers," Nancy replied, running her hand over the plants that made up the huge scrub. "You said you got the car in here, did not you? We study these plants at school, they are extremely fragrant. They must have covered the scent of your blood. "

"Making the scent just come to this point," Steve completed. "The men remained, but you left. When the Demogorgon appeared it ran into them. "

"It can not be!" Jonathan shouted almost ripping out his hair. "That thing can not be back. Are you sure of that, Seven? Are you sure it's Demogorgon?"

"I know what I saw," said Seven. "I will never forget that creature. The smell, its sounds. Those heads-".

"Wait!" Said Steve. "Did you say heads? Like, more than one head?"

"Yes," replied Seven, her brows furrowed. "The monster has at least a nine, like a huge snake ...".

"Demogorgon has only one head," said Nancy, beginning to sweat cold. "He's like this giant man with huge hands, no face and just one head."

The silence that had spread was so dark that Jonathan had to struggle to tell the vultures that everyone thought.

"Are you saying there's more than one monster?"

-Oo-

When Seven opened the basement door, she faced a lovely scene.

The boys showed Eleven the bed they had made for her, made of fluffy blankets and pillows. Unfortunately, Seven was so desperate that there was no time to watch the children.

"Boys, may I speak to you? Is important".

The boys approached, smiling, but then stopped smiling when they noticed the seriousness in the expressions of the teenagers.

"What happened?" Will asked. Seven exchanged glances with Jonathan and sighed. She explained the story and felt remorse when she saw the horror in the children's eyes.

"The Demogorgon come back?" Mike asked a little too loudly. "This is impossible! Eleven killed it."

"Well, no ... That's what we want to talk to you about. We do not think it was the Demogorgon, " Nancy said.

"What do you mean?" Will asked shakily. "If it was not the Demogorgon, then who killed those men?"

"Another thing," said Seven. "We believe another monster has attacked those men. That's why we want to talk to you. You recognized the Demogorgon, gave it a name. If I said there was another creature, a huge nine-headed snake, would you know what it is? "

The boys were silent, thinking, until the moment that Mike gasped and ran to a corner of the basement. He moved his own things and came back with a small metal figure in his hands.

"Is that it?" He asked, leaving the object in Seven's hand.

She looked at the toy, a little astonished. The creature she had seen in the times she was attacked was not entirely faithful, but there was a likeness that could not be denied.

"Yes, that's it," she replied.

"It's Tesselhydra," Dustin said grimly.

The air grew heavy and Seven swallowed dry. The horrified looks on the boys' faces made her make a decision. When Will started to hyperventilate and be supported by Jonathan, she went up the stairs, unable to stay there another minute.

She walked around the house ignoring the voices calling her out into the cold air.

Hopper turned to her with a small smile on his lips and swallowed his cigarette.

"So?" he asked. Without hesitation, Seven replied:

"I'm in".

IMPORTANT: Hey guys! Hope you enjoy the chapter, but i'm here to ask to you guys to please read the author's note that i post and it's next to this chapter. I really need you guys to read it because it's so important and can change whole fanfiction so pleeeeeease read it and review!

See you in the next chapter!

11. AUTHOR'S NOTE (IMPORTANT)

So, I'm here to announce some things.

As you all know, my fanfiction is mostly about the dramatic issue of the series, about Seven and all my theories. Of course, I try to bring a bit of Mileven always because they're cute and I'm in love with the couple, but I think I've come to the point where I want to develop things beyond Mike and Eleven's relationship.

Seven, next to Hopper, will go after destroying the labs that still contain people being used in experiments and I really want to focus on that and bring it to you. At the same time, I think Eleven deserves her moments and I really want to create scenes with her, beautiful moments in which she learns to really live in our world. So I had two ideas and I need your opinion on what route to take from here:

You prefer a) that I continue the story as it is, developing the scenes with Seven and the whole political and social issue of Stranger Things and bringing in parallel scenes with Eleven or b) creating a new fanfiction, which will happen in parallel To events with Seven (which I'll keep posting here in fanfiction Numbers) and that focus on Eleven and her life in Hawkins?

Many people who accompany you do not comment and I have no problems with this, because just knowing that you follow and read already gives me the greatest joy in the world! But I do not want to make a decision that might bother you, so I need everyone's opinion to know which way to go!

If you opt for the fanfic to continue being just one I will try as much as possible to intersperse the chapters, doing one focusing on Seven and the other on Eleven. But in particular, I find it more feasible to create a fanfiction aside because that way I could develop Seven's life and the coming of the new characters better and still, for example, accept requests from you in the fanfic about Eleven. For example, you would comment "I always wanted to see what it would be like the first time Eleven saw the snow!" And I could create the scene for you.

The fanfic will continue normal until the next chapter (chapter 11) and then I'll separate (if that's what you want) or continue normal.

A big kiss! See you in the next chapter 3

12. Chapter 11

December 25, 1984.

The Wheeler's house was getting ready for a lot of people that Christmas and Karen could not be more anxious.

During her nearly twenty-year marriage, Christmas were all about her husband, children, and sometimes a few relatives who came to complain about her furniture and gossip about her life. After the disaster that occurred with her husband's sister and an extremely rude remark about the decoration of the Christmas tree six years ago, Karen prohibited Ted from inviting anyone. The date would belong to the couple and their children and end of story.

But, this year, she had made an exception. How could she not? She still remembered the brown eyes of her middle son chasing her through the house.

"But, mom, make an exception!" Cried Mike, putting his hands in prayer. "Please! It's just the boys, their parents, Seven and Sheriff Hopper and El. Not so many people! "

"Not so many people?!" Karen exclaimed as she folded some shirts she'd taken from the clothesline. "Michael, there are more than ten people and that's not counting your sister's boyfriend. You know that Christmas is a special date to spend with your family, not your friends. "

"Mommy, please," Mike whined, pouting. "What's the trouble of letting them spend Christmas with us? Just once! It's very important to me ... It's Eleven's first Christmas. "

It destroyed her. Christmas was about love and to thank what we had. And the poor little girl had never even seen a Christmas tree.

She left it and was a little worth it when Michael opened the biggest smile she had ever seen and hugged her tight, saying repeatedly, "Thank you, thank you, thank you!".

Now Karen stared at the countless gingerbread houses she had made, at least five more than she usually did. It was an exaggeration, she admitted, but Christmas was the time of year she allowed herself to squander when it came to cooking.

"It looks incredible, mom," said her daughter, Nancy, entering the kitchen. She gave her a kiss on the cheek and stared at the candy. "You've outdone yourself this year."

"I'm no longer used to cooking for so many people," Karen admitted. "But I think it's enough."

"That's enough for a month," Nancy laughed. "Steve's here! And Mike said Lucas called and said that he and his parents were already leaving home. "

Leaving the kitchen, Karen greeted Steve with a hug and watched as he and her daughter sat on the couch, cuddling into each other. Karen liked the teenager, he proved to be very kind and polite, unlike the image she had projected after discovering that he and her daughter had slept together. But there was something there that was strange to Karen and that became clearer when Jonathan came to fetch his younger brother. Nancy's head was far away in another world and she knew her daughter enough to know that everything was not all right.

Stirring in the stereo, Karen smiled as Frank Sinatra's voice reverberated through the house, singing "Let It Snow." The tree was on, so bright that everyone's eyes burned a little after staring at it for a long time. She thought of commenting that this huge amount of lights were a little overdone, but Mike seemed proud of his work that took almost a two days to complete (this with the help of his friends) that she remained silent.

"Eleven will love it!" Exclaimed her son, his cheeks a little red.

Oh, Michael. Karen did not know what to do with him anymore.

For twelve years it was easy to deal with her middle child. Mike was quiet, polite and never involved in trouble. He took high grades, won science fairs, was helpful and a big big brother to little Holly. To

make him happy you just needed a basement space and an entire afternoon of games with his friends or tickets to movies full of special effects and space creatures.

After the incident last year, it was hard for Karen to understand what had happened to her little boy. He had turned from a smiling child to just the empty shell of what he was. Her boy had been traumatized, persecuted, hunted, and nearly killed by cruel men and creatures she still did not understand.

And there was the girl. A girl! Not in a million years would Karen suspect that this was the source of his problems. Of course, Mike was twelve to thirteen at the time, it would be normal to imagine that his mood swings would recur from the mess that was engaging the opposite sex. But her son was different. He and his friends did not care about girls, unless they were princesses and special generals like Princess Leia.

And it was not just a girl's presence, but a fact that Mike liked her. She was not just a friend. She was the reason why he lied to Karen for the first time so he could hide Eleven inside the basement. She was Mike's reason to be so restless in the last month whenever his friends showed up to play. She was the reason his cheeks flushed when he spoke on the phone with whom he claimed to be one of the boys (Karen always pretended to believe his lie). She was the reason the basement windows were opened and her son spent a great deal of time fixing the place. Cleaning up! Oh God, something she never believed she would see.

"Is everything ready?" Michael asked, entering the room, his restless hands rubbing against each other.

"For the thousandth time, Michael, there's nothing out of place," Karen said, moving closer to him and kissing his forehead. "She'll love it."

The doorbell rang and Mike ran, muttering, "I'll get it! I answer!". When he opened the door, however, he could not hide his disappointment at seeing that it was only Lucas and his parents.

"Wow, I'm happy to see you, too," Lucas mocked, pulling back his

scarf.

"Sorry," Mike murmured. "Hello, mr. and mrs. Sinclair! Please, coming!".

They went in and greeted the rest of the family. Karen quickly and easily welcomed them, showing the house and leaving them at ease. Lucas said nothing, but his smile made it clear that he knew why Mike looked disappointed.

Not five minutes later the bell rang again. When opened the door, Mike rolled his eyes.

"Oh, hi Dustin," he said, leaving his friend and his parents in.

"Merry Christmas to you too," Dustin answered. "Sorry if I do not have powers and big brown eyes."

"Shut up," Mike murmured as Lucas laughed pleasantly.

In the kitchen, the mothers talked.

"Karen, you've outdone yourself this year!" Sinclair watched the gingerbread houses and smelled the roasted meat.

"Everything smells wonderful!" Said Dustin's mother, mrs. Henderson, smelled the air gently.

"Thank you," Karen smiled, her cheeks a little red. Her food was something she was proud of. "I was a bit lost this year, I'm not used to cooking for so many people."

"We figured that out, so we brought something to help you," replied Lucas's mother, handing her delicious chocolate cakes. "At Christmas a little more food is never enough."

"Amen," laughed Karen.

"Joyce is coming too, is not she?" asked mrs. Henderson. "I was so shocked when I heard she adopted a little girl! So unexpectedly! And it's not even a baby! The girl is already the age of the boys".

"Lauren Harrington told me about it!" exclaimed Mrs. Sinclair shaking her head. "I do not know how Joyce is so strong, single mother having to look after two boys and now another child!"

"I heard the girl is the daughter of a friend of Joyce's," Karen lied a little nervously. This was the story she combined with Joyce and Hopper. "It seems that this friend died a month ago and Joyce got the custody of the girl."

"Wow, I could not imagine!" Exclaimed Dustin's mother with her hand over her heart. "I admire her a lot! There are few people who would do that. "

"Oh yes," Karen agreed, shaking her head a little too strongly. "It turns out that the girl and the mother are from some European country, sorry, I can not remember which ... But she does not speak much of our language, so do not worry if she says little."

When the wine was opened, the conversation continued with more force.

"I heard that Joyce is dating Bob Newby," said Lucas's mother as if you were a state secret. Karen gasped.

"Bob Newby? The head of the radio station? " she asked.

"Wait, who? I do not recognize the name ... " asked Mrs. Henderson.

"He studied with us in high school," Karen explained. "He was a little shy, from the same class as Joyce and Sheriff Hopper. He was a little nerdy, he always lived with his face in the books. "

"Oh my God! *That* Bob Newby?". The three women laughed, the alcohol making them feel like teenagers again. "Well, he's always been very nice. I do not remember him much, but it's always been really cool. I mean, nothing can be worse than Lonnie. "

The three women shuddered and frowned.

"I always found him a pig," admitted Mrs. Sinclair. "I respected him because of Joyce, but I thank God every day that she kicked that rough man out of the house."

"Oh God, let's change the subject, please," Karen pleaded. "It's Christmas, I do not want to talk about this man."

"I agree. Oh, I almost forgot! Lucas said that Sheriff Hopper would come, is that true, Karen?" asked Lucas's mother.

"Oh," Karen said, turning a little red as she tried to remember the lie she had agreed with the sheriff. "His niece is in town. She was friends with Nancy, so we invited them. "

At that moment the doorbell rang and Mike ran. He tidied his hair discreetly before opening the door, but, as on the other two occasions, he was disappointed.

"Sorry, kid," Seven said when she saw his expression. "It's just us."

Hopper and Seven entered and greeted Lucas and Dustin. The women left the kitchen and smiled.

"This is my niece, Selena," Hopper lied with a convincing smile. Seven gave a small nod and tried to smile, a little uncomfortable with all the glances that stared at her.

Nancy and Steve appeared at that hour, saving her.

"Selena!" Exclaimed Nancy, taking her hand and dragging Seven away from the curious eyes of the adults. "Come, I want to show you some ... uh ... things."

A little farther away and closer to the front door, the boys chatted.

"Will called me a long time ago saying they were coming," Mike said impatiently. "They should already be here!"

"Mike, relax," Dustin said, eating one of the sweets he'd stolen from the kitchen table. "Eleven is coming."

"Yeah, dude, eat something," Lucas suggested. "I know you're nervous, but everything is perfect. It will be the best Christmas of all! We have all the Christmas foods already invented, your mother has already put the Christmas classics to play, the tree is even too crazy for my taste, we are wearing these ridiculous reindeer sweaters ... ".

"I know, you're right. I need to calm down," Mike said. He relaxed his back and arms, giving little bumps in place. "I'm relaxed, I'm relaxed. Did you see? Will be all right. There is no one else more calm-"

His words were cut short when the bell rang for the fourth time and Mike exclaimed, "Oh fuck!" before reaching for the doorknob. With a long breath, he opened the door.

"Merry Christmas!" Exclaimed the Byers family simultaneously. Mike's smile widened and he could not contain his laughter when he saw that Eleven had a little smile covering her eyes.

"El, what's going on?" He asked as he gently led the girl into the house with Jonathan's help.

"Surprise," she replied, her cheeks flushed with cold.

"She has never seen a Christmas tree before, so we blindfolded her. It's okay there, El- "Jonathan stopped talking when he realized that Lucas and Dustin's parents were in the room. "... eleanor?"

"Has she ever seen a Christmas tree?" asked Lucas's mother suspiciously.

"They do not have Christmas on ..." her son began to say, asking for help from his friends with his eyes.

"Switzerland!" Dustin completed. "You know how it is ... it's very cold there."

"Hello, Eleanor! It's a pleasure to see you!" Karen said with a smile, trying to change the subject. Blindly, Eleven nodded to everyone present. Seven reappeared with Nancy and Steve.

"Okay, let's get on with it," Joyce said, leading the girl to face the big Christmas tree. "Are you ready, sweetheart? One, two and three!"

Joyce withdrew the blindfold, and the room fell silent. Eleven blinked a few times before actually opening her eyes, but when her vision fell on the tree, she gasped. It was simply the most beautiful thing she had ever seen! So tall, so bright and delicate. Every detail fascinated her, each glow brightening her smile.

"So ..." said Mike, approaching a little unsure. "Did you like it?".

When she looked at him, there were small tears in her eyes.

"It's so pretty," El murmured. Mike can finally be able to sigh with relief.

Wanting to give them both a moment alone, Dustin had an idea. Turning to the rest of the group, he exclaimed,

"And the food? Let's eat! " and took everyone out of the room, leading them into the kitchen.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," Mike admitted shyly, looking down at his feet. "Me and the boys, we did it. We brought all the little lights that each of us had at home and well, Will has enough to light the whole city. "

They both laughed and Eleven gently took Mike's hand in hers.

"Thank you, Mike," she thanked the girl, turning to the tree. "Its special. So beautiful! The most beautiful thing I've ever seen. "

Looking at *her* from the corner of his eye, Mike nodded.

"The most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

-Oo-

As the Wheelers' table was not big enough for everyone, when the food was served, the guests spread through the house, all carrying plates and glasses and sitting in pairs or groups to talk.

Seven watched them all with heavy heart, trying hard to absorb that moment so calm, special and peaceful. There were very few moments like that in her life and this was one she was sure to treasure.

A smile appeared on her lips as she watched the children. God, she was going to miss them. Seven, thanks to everything that had happened, never became a very good person in the ability to enter. Adults underestimated her, people her age had only too much drama going on, things that seemed so insignificant compared to everything

she'd already gone through that the girl could not even fake interest. But there was something about the children's company that did her good. She felt comfortable near them because they were easy to deal with. There was no drama or gossip and Seven became very protective when it came to Lucas, Dustin, Will, Mike and Eleven.

Yes, they would hurt the most when it was time to leave.

A small tug on her pantyhose made Seven look down. A little four-year-old girl smiled at her and lifted her arms, begging for a lap.

Oh no. No, no, no! Seven could handle thirteen-year-olds, but not babies! She spoke too much bad words to be around them.

Noticing her discomfort, Joyce came up with a smile and caught Holly in her lap.

"She does not bite," she teased. Holly grabbed Seven's curls with her little hands. "Come, my dear, let's play with mommy."

Grateful that the other one distracted the little girl, Seven smiled at Joyce. She liked her and could not be happier for the older being, now, the guardian of Eleven. It eased the overprotective feeling on Seven's chest a little. At least she would know that El would be in good hands.

Browsing the room, Seven dropped them on Jonathan who took pictures of the environment, the tree, Mike and Eleven, Nancy and Steve, little Holly and all the other people present. She smiled for a moment when she noticed that despite trying to disguise, Jonathan's focus was actually on Nancy and Steve. He looked a little depressed and Seven decided to save him.

"Can I talk to you?" She asked, approaching him. Jonathan smiled and before answering turned the lens to the girl and took a photo of her.

"Sure, come on," he said, sounding relieved that he had a reason to leave the room. The two walked away, up the stairs and into the hall. The noise from the conversations downstairs was still audible, but no more disturbing.

"So what do you want to talk about?"

"I'm leaving".

That made Jonathan paralyze for a few seconds. The camera he had pointed at her again lowered.

"What do you mean?" He asked. Seven had a sad expression on her face when she replied,

"Me and Hopper ... we go after the other labs. We have plans, Hopper has contacts in the media and in security agencies, we will try to save the other people being held prisoners. "

"Wow, that's ... fucking awesome, actually. But how long will you stay away? "

"I do not know, it all depends. We do not know where the other labs are, we do not know who is on their team and who can help us ... I think a year or two to start. "

"Two years?" Exclaimed Jonathan. "Seven, this is a long time!"

"I know, I know ... To stay away from you for so long will be a sad, especially without telephone, letters ...".

"No phone? Why?".

"Hopper found that the government hears all our conversations, he thinks it's too risky to call you while we're gone. Same thing with the letters. I'm so sorry".

Jonathan stood still for a moment, trying to process the bomb that had fallen on his lap.

"Anyone else know about that?" he asked.

"No," the girl admitted. "You were the only one I told about so far. I did not dare count the children."

"And when are you leaving?".

Seven was quiet for a long time, until she answered quietly,

"Probably in two days. Hopper wanted to be gone a long time, but I convinced him to wait until Christmas. "

"Two days?! Oh God, the children will be so sad! Will mainly, he has become very attached to you."

"And I to them. They are very important to me, but you understand, right? I need to do it, Jonathan. I know what it's like to be treated like I'm less than trash, being used all my life. There are nine other people out there, if my theory that Eleven is the last one is correct. "

"Hey, I get it," said Jonathan, putting his hands on Seven's shoulders. "I believe you deserve a moment of peace, but hey, what do I know? I'm by your side".

They hugged each other and only spoke again a few seconds later.

"But what are we going to do about ... You know. That thing, Tessa ... Tessa ... I do not know how to say that, "Jonathan asked.

"I've been thinking a lot about what you said when we saw the car. You spent a year believing that there were no more creatures, surely at some point you hurt and bleed and it did not come after you. But he chased me and I was on the other side of the country. I've thought a lot about it and I have a theory that maybe ... Maybe it has something to do with me. Maybe it's connected to me. "

"Are you sure about that? We do not even understand where these monsters came from, Seven. How can we make sense of them? "

"It's the best I can think of," she admitted. "And if I'm right, then I'd better get away from you, take the creature far away from you, Nancy and the children."

"There's one more thing," Jonathan said, pulling something off his coat. "I've revealed the photo you asked me to. It's a little foggy, but what the fuck is that? "

Seven took the picture and analyzed it. It was blurred, but it was possible to recognize the shape of the egg.

"Something I still want to find out."

At that moment, Dustin appeared hiding something in his back. He had a mischievous smile on his face, which quickly faded when he came face to face with the teenagers.

"Oh! Hi everyone," he said with a nervous laugh. "I was not expecting to find you here."

"What are you up to?" Seven asked without further ado. Dustin blushed a little.

"Up to? I did not-Oh fuck, okay! I had this idea- " he began, but was interrupted by Jonathan.

"Oh no! I will not be a part of your plans. My mom still mad at me over your brilliant idea of three years ago," said the older man, quickly exiting the hall and down the stairs.

"My idea was great!" Dustin defended himself shouting at Jonathan as he descended the stairs. "You were the one who run away"

Seven laughed and folded her arms. Dustin turned to her and with a little mischievous smile showed the girl what he held. When she saw the object, Seven laughed out loud.

"Oh, you evil creature!" she teased with a smile.

"Thank you, thank you," replied Dustin, making small references. "It's good that I found you. I need to put this somewhere, but I'm very short. You help me?".

Seven thought for a moment, wondering if that was a good idea. But, oh damn it! She was leaving, had no idea when she would see the children again. What had she got to lose?

"Sure, pass this over."

-Oo-

Mike knew Dustin was up to something when his friend grabbed him by the arm and started dragging him upstairs.

"Seriously, you need to see this! You will not believe".

He was sure when he came across an empty hallway and was pushed by Dustin to the door of his bedroom that his friend was certainly not as innocent as he looked.

"Dustin, what's going on?" He asked as his friend pinned him to the doorframe. In that moment Seven appeared, guiding Eleven by the shoulders. She positioned El in front of Mike and he noticed that his friend looked as confused as he. "What is it? You-".

When he looked up, the words died in his throat and he turned extremely red.

A small mistletoe was hanging on the doorframe and Mike felt the plant laughing at him as well as his friends.

"No! Dustin, you can not- ".

"It's tradition! You have to do it! It's tradition! " cried his friend, running away.

"Seven, is this serious?" Mike asked, feeling his hands sweat.

"Sorry," said the girl, not looking at all regretful. She also left, leaving them alone.

"I do not get it," Eleven said, looking at Mike and then at the plant on top of their heads. "What is it?".

"That ..." Mike said with an embarrassed sigh. "It's a mistletoe."

"Only one plant," said El. "What's the matter?"

"It's just ... It's not just a plant," Mike replied. Eleven noticed that his freckles became more visible as he grew redder and brighter. "There's this ... stupid Christmas tradition. If you stay under the mistletoe with other people you have to ... It's ... ".

"What?" Asked Eleven, growing more and more curious. Why was Mike getting so nervous? Was it hard to explain? Generally he would explain everything to her, he could always do it even if it was to

difficult.

"... We have to kiss each other," Mike said in a single breath, closing his eyes. Eleven's mouth opened slightly and she exclaimed a slight, "Oh!". "I know, I'm sorry, Dustin must be finding this super funny, I did not know-

"Why?" Eleven asked, more curious than embarrassed. She did not quite understand why Mike looked so embarrassed. They had kissed before. Eleven did not understand at the time what that meant, but a long conversation with Nancy and Seven - which brought flushed cheeks from Nancy and a fit of laughter from Seven - made her understand that putting her lips to the lips of another person means a number of very good things.

"It's a tradition, I'm not sure why. They say that when you do that you get lucky and that brings you happiness "explained Mike rubbing the back of his neck.

"So let's do it!" Eleven said with a smile. Mike was so shocked that he could only move his mouth, the words would not come out.

"A-Are you sure? I do not want you to do something you do not want ... ".

"We've kissed before," she argued.

"We did, didn't we?" Said Mike with a nervous laugh. He began to feel some sweat on his hands. "Well, if that's what you want... But if you change your mind, fine. I do not care, really. I know all this is very- ".

Eleven kissed him. It was no different from their first kiss in the cafeteria. It was simple, fast, innocent and a few seconds. But enough for Mike to blush so much that he felt his whole body warm and his own blood throb.

Eleven smiled up at him, her cheeks a little pink. She liked it at Christmas and certainly enjoyed the mistletoe.

On the stairs, hidden on the steps, Seven and Dustin clapped their hands.

Thank you everyone! The new fanfic it's coming in one or two days, so stay connected! Hope you guys enjoy the chapter (:

Kisses 3

13. Chapter 12

January, 1986.

"I still can not believe you brought me here."

"Get down and shut up, I already told you."

Living with Hopper last year was like the coming and going of a tornado. At first there were no problems because they barely spoke, as if the sky was only with a few clouds here and there. The two were quiet around each other, like two beasts who stood still and watched each other trying to understand the enemy. The few words they exchanged were said only when extremely necessary.

"Do you mind if I smoke?"

"Can I turn on the television?"

"Where are the towels?"

When the two left Hawkins a little over a year ago, their relationship soured. The black clouds appeared and turned the day gray. When they were confined in the same car for hours on end and had to share rooms of tiny and precarious hotels, the two beasts showed their claws and growled at each other.

"I already told you not to touch the fucking radio"

"Trying to be polite would not kill you, you know?"

"Take your foot off, you're not in your house."

After two or three months away from Hawkins and the comfort of having a home and a steady job, the gray clouds turned into a heavy rain and a gust of wind, from those that destroyed the energy of the houses. The two beasts approached, scratching at each other, trying to show which was stronger.

"If we're in this shitty hotel it's all your fault!"

"I can not take your fucking attitude any more"

"My attitude? You're the biggest fucking drama queen I've ever seen! "

The gale turned into a huge hurricane that plucked the trees from the ground and destroyed entire cities. When the two failed, once again, in trying to find some of the other nine trapped people, the deception turned into anger and the two beasts docked in a blood-sucking fight.

"Do not you dare blame me! This mess is your fault! "

"Maybe we'd make progress if you shut up and stop acting like a fucking brat"

"You act like you know everything, but you do not know! You have no idea what happened to me, so fuck you! "

The funny thing about the huge catastrophes is that, despite all the disaster they cause, they pass. When the dust subsided, Seven and Hopper remained in that hotel room, sitting on the floor feeling the weight of the world on their shoulders. The two beasts stopped fighting, but left the fray with sore wounds.

"I'm sorry, okay? All this is a little too much. I feel as if every day I was further away from finding the answer. "

"I cashed in on you, it was wrong. Sorry for being an asshole. "

"I'm sorry you were an asshole, too."

After the destruction comes help. Hopper finally got an answer from old friends who were now federal agents. He and Seven talked a lot about how to find the other nine labs and came to the conclusion that they could never do it alone. There was an energy lab for every American city and there were only nine of them testing people. It was like looking for a needle in the haystack.

Ted Moore was an FBI agent who had been Hopper's colleague many years ago. Seven was not his biggest fan, with his nose on the air and arrogant attitudes, but he was the first to get in touch with the sheriff and it was the one who did not hang up on his face when he said he knew about men infiltrated within one of the Largest research

agencies in the world.

They found Ted after nearly five months away from Hawkins. The man did not utter a reaction as they told him the story. They told about drugs, pregnant women, the kidnapping of babies. They explained the theory of the cold war, Seven showed him the papers she had stolen from the lab so many years ago. The only moment any muscle in Ted's face moved was when the girl showed him the working of her powers. When the cut she'd made on her own arm closed in front of their eyes, Ted's eyebrow moved a few inches upward.

To their happiness, he did not run away or laughed at the whole story as if it were all a big joke. Seven, in particular, felt the agent was more afraid that the story would leak than anything, so he chose to do it all with his own hands. When Ted took the front line, hiring agents and starting large searches through the labs, Hopper agreed with her.

"If this story goes public, the United States breaks," he said. "Ted thinks that if it is the government itself that discovers and resolves the situation, it will seem less guilty in the eyes of the public."

It was only two months after they had the first clue. A research lab in a small, isolated town about three hours from where Seven and Hopper were staying had suspiciously hired (about two years ago, around the same time Eleven had fled from the laboratory in Hawkins) a large number - enough to be suspected - of new people, all with safety records.

Agent Billy White was chosen for the mission. He was a gentle man, soft and slightly overweight, with such a catchy personality that he would convince anyone to do whatever he wanted. He was able to get in and work disguised in the countless energy labs that Ted and Hopper believed to have suspicious activity, but which in the end were just ordinary labs.

It was a huge commotion when they found out they were in the right place. It took at least another month and a half until Billy could start working on the spot, two more so he could get the confidence of who ran the place to go deeper into the place. He said he had seen huge

rooms with little or no ventilation, covered from top to floor by non-flammable materials. Every inch of the ceiling was made up of fire alarms, and every five feet it was possible to reach a fire extinguisher.

What made Seven's heart skip was when the agent told her he had seen someone there. *A boy, he said looking at her. Must be your age. He was passed out when I saw him, but he had a tattoo similar to yours. I could not see the right number, they pulled him off as soon as I got there.*

But it was only last week that they were able to act. There was no way Ted could let them invade the place, save the boy, and arrest anyone who worked there without first having to prove it by hand. Billy had to sweat a lot and almost got caught a dozen times, but he finally managed to take some pictures of the boy (which Seven was not allowed to see since they were confidential evidence) and make copies of the recordings of the security cameras.

Now Seven was hiding behind several trees next to Hopper, Ted, and another huge group of FBI agents. Everyone watched the energy lab silently, waiting for Billy's signal that they could invade.

"Wow, we're in a great mood today," joked Seven lowering herself more, but not getting quiet as Hopper had asked. "Commenting has never killed anyone. You never let me get anywhere near the other labs, I just got a little curious. "

"The other labs proved innocent," Hopper said. The frown on his face in recent weeks was so present that Seven had even forgotten what his face was like in a normal state. "Billy said that the kid in there is reputed to be... violent. I thought we would need your help. "

"My help?" Seven asked in disbelief. "Have you looked at me yet? Look at my arms, they're two sticks. What could I help if the guy is violent? "

"Before being a sheriff I was a big city cop," Hopper said. "I worked in countless cases and many involved victims of kidnapping. Many of the victims went on for years, decades, sometimes a lifetime until they were rescued, and many of them had violent reactions to people who reminded them of their captors. The boy has spent his whole life seeing adult men and women. If he really is violent, he will attack

any of the agents who get close. You said you'd never seen anyone your age, right? I think if you get close he'll listen to you. Besides you have the tattoo. That will certainly convince him to come with us. "

"Ted does not seem happy to see me here," the girl commented. That was true. When Hopper appeared with Seven on his heels, Ted wrinkled his nose at her as if she had an extremely bad smell.

"That's because Ted is egocentric. A great agent, but self-centered. He thinks the boy will trust us because we're government officials. Pff, as if the boy care for the position we have. Maybe we'll get lucky and Ted will get punched tonight. "

Suddenly, breaking the silence of the night, an object in Ted's hand made a sound. At the push of a button, the agent replied,

"Agent Ted listens. What is your position?".

"They locked the kid in one of the rooms," Billy's voice said with a little hiss. "They're changing shifts. Come in now, so we can have taken all of them."

"Understood. Do not do anything that makes you suspicious, they may try to use you against us. "

When the agents invaded the lab, Seven felt she was in a movie scene. One group entered the front, while two others skirted the site to pick up any scientist who tried to escape through other entrances. Someone kicked the front door and the officers came in with weapons in hand, shouting, "FBI! FBI! Stay where you are!"

There was a general panic for a long time. Seven wanted to get closer, but she was paralyzed in her place, watching as the men pulled people out of their robes from inside the place, carrying them by the arms and legs. Many tried to escape, running blindly in any direction, but being approached on the ground. A woman appeared, being carried by two men, bellowing in full lungs:

"I did not do anything wrong! He is a danger to society! A danger!".

Shots could be heard and Seven gasped. Hopper also looked rather restless, but an agent who was assigned to stay with them prevented

them from moving forward.

"We have to wait for a signal from Agent Ted," he explained. "So we will know that it is safe for you to approach."

Another man came screaming. He tried to run, but was thrown to the floor and his hands were handcuffed. He kept shouting:

"You have no idea of the mistake you are making! I'm a man of science! I did it for the good of all! He's a monster, they all are! "

Seven felt anger inside her. She wanted to go there and break that man's nose. But suddenly the noise ceased and the agents began to return, carrying the scientists and security guards. The agent who was with her spoke on a walkie-talkie:

"Any sign of the kid, Officer Ted?"

"We're trying to open the door," a voice answered. "It has a code that we do not-Wait!".

A loud noise was heard, but static prevented Seven from recognizing it. Suddenly, Ted spoke again:

"We found him!"

Seven's heart leapt and she gave little leaps in place as the agent asked,

"Can I send Hopper and girl? Is the area safe?". When Ted answered, Seven could not hear what he had said, but his frowning brows made her nervous. "What? Are you sure about that?"

He hung up the object and stared at Hopper and Seven.

"He said you're not allowed in there."

"What?!" exclaimed the two at the same time.

"Agent Ted made it clear that I can not let you in. He said he has everything under control. "

"That's fucking ridiculous!" Hopper shouted, punching the hood of one of the cars. "He's very stupid if he thinks he understands any of these children. Let us through, Maurice. You know she can help."

"I know," said Maurice, slightly resting, his hands surrendering. "But I only follow orders, Hopper. I'm sorry, but she can not enter unless-".

A huge explosion cut his words. Hopper lowered Seven to the ground quickly and the girl found herself with her face pressed against the asphalt. The upstairs windows exploded and a huge cloud of fire came out, lighting up the night and making a huge mass of hot air pass through everyone outside, making the leaves fly.

Seven watched as the fire burned the walls and soon died out. Male screams were heard in sequence and that was enough to move her around.

"Fuck that, I'm coming in," she said, leaving the agent so surprised he could not catch her and she ran toward the building.

She heard the man start yelling behind her, but the unmistakable sound of a fist hand coming in contact with a jaw was enough for her to know that Hopper supported her decision to run there.

She passed the other agents, who seemed rather stunned. The blast caused many of the scientists being held to be seen outside the officers' hands, which resuscitated the chase from the outside.

Seven ran down the hallways, ignoring the shiver running down her spine. That lab was so much like hers, and it brought back memories that the girl preferred to ignore. She climbed upstairs and as she entered a hallway, she felt the air come out of her lungs.

A group of at least four agents (in which Seven recognized Ted and Billy) were lying on the ground, shrunk, with their hands trying to protect their own heads. In the center of them was a boy, who was supposed to be at most a year older than her. He was tall, extremely muscular, and had a somber expression on his face. But that was not what most caught her attention.

The boy's arms were covered with fire. Flames sprang from his fist-

wrapped hands to his shoulders, so orange and so powerful that even here, at the end of the hallway, Seven could feel their warmth. But he did not look pained, just extremely furious.

"Please listen to us," Ted shouted still on the floor and his hands in surrender. "We will not hurt you! We want to save you. "

The boy snarled in response and threw a huge fireball into another window. Screams were heard and Seven covered her own ears, trying to stifle the loud bang that might make her deaf. When she opened her eyes again, the fire boy approached agent Billy. Before she could think, the words came out of her mouth:

"Hey! Hey, big boy! "

He turned to her and they both froze. Seven watched those dark brown eyes as the boy watched her. The flames did not disappear, but the anger turned into confusion. His mouth opened a little and he looked Seven up and down several times. She was not offended. His gaze was cautious, not sexual. He looked curious, but extremely confused.

Seven risked a few steps closer to them and felt confident when all he did was frown. She came closer, but when she raised her right arm to try to show him the tattoo, he raised his arms defensively.

"No, no, no! I do not have any weapons, I promise! Please, I just want to show you something!"

Seven was not sure if he lowered his guard because he understood what she said or because her voice overflowed with the panic she felt. The girl lifted the sleeve of the coat that covered her left arm and showed him the tattoo.

"I am your friend. Trust me," she said.

When his eyes hit the tattoo, the flames disappeared. His eyes widened and Seven felt her arm gripped. She gasped, but the boy was too strong for her to get out of his grip. Fortunately, he did not hurt her. He brought her arm closer, trying to see the tattoo more clearly.

In a cautious gesture, he showed her his tattoo, making the girl smile.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Six. I'm Seven. "

YESSS! I finally showed Six to you! Aaah I'm so excited (: and the new fanfiction with Eleven as the protagonist is already posted! Just look at my profile, I hope you like it!

Kisses 3

14. Chapter 13

Six had no idea how his day had ended like that.

It all began as it always began. Strong knocks on the door of his cell and a group of men coming in to pick him up. Despite what would come next, Six yearned for mornings to arrive, for the simple reason that sleep was unbearable.

To keep him from using the fire and burning the building down, the cell he was in was the purest hell he'd ever created. It was extremely humid and almost without oxygen and ventilation, which weakened his abilities and prevented the creation of fire. The lack of air made him dizzy and often the reason for his unconsciousness, but never enough to kill him. At the same time, he slept on his feet, chained to the wall. They learned long ago that the weaker he was, the less chance one of them would turn into a human fireball.

When the chains were released, Six's body fell forward, exhausted, and was held by the men and dragged out of the cell. The feel of the icy air hitting his skin always took a relieved sigh. These little seconds were the only pleasures in his whole life and he always craved them. But what is good always lasts little. His hands were quickly locked inside metal boxes filled with water and he was dragged down the hall. Fire extinguishers and fire alarms were always there, almost as if they made fun of him.

The day followed, like a bad dream that never goes away. Part of the food and bodybuilding could be taken advantage of if he did not know the real reason to allow him to have such moments. Six could not make the fire if he was too exhausted, but they needed him for their studies. At the same time, if he was too weak on the physical issue, control over the flames did not work, so they gave him good food and moments to work out.

The flames did not burn when Six could control them. They were there, he could feel them, but they did not hurt. If he did not have the strength to control them, the story was quite different.

The huge burn scars on his back were the daily proof of this.

The way to the test room was the worst. Not out of fear, quite the contrary. Six had long since learned to feel nothing but hatred as they took him to the tests. What terrified him was the sight of a certain cell, which was now empty and filthy, but which had once been used by somebody. Someone whose eyes and voice were still etched in his mind.

When the day was over, Six was carried back into the cell with his nerves on the skin. He hated those people, he despised them. He dream about the day he would jump on their necks and see their lives slowly coming out of their eyes. The abuse was much more verbal than physical, but it still existed and made him angry.

"We do everyone a favor by hiding you here. You're a disgusting, unnatural, genetic mistake. You're lucky to be alive. "

He heard a lot of it. At first he was crying. As a child the words assaulted him, tearing him inside, infiltrating his mind and making he believe that they were true. Now he was anesthetized.

Garbage.

Human scum.

Aberration.

Killer.

He hated them. And one day he would kill them all.

All but one. One of them was very young, he had been there at most a few months ago, but it did not hurt him. He was soft and fat and smiled when he passed, never treating him with contempt.

Maybe he would let him go and not kill him. Or not. It would depend on his mood when he finally escaped.

But something that night changed everything. When Six was almost unconscious, very loud noises were heard. Screams, shots, doors being smashed. He was silent, heart pounding in his chest.

Everything was hushed up and he felt the hope go away.

But suddenly, like a miracle, his door opened and some men came in and let him go. Six was dizzy, so he just let himself be taken by them. Unlike the other times, Six was deposited on the floor gently and can hear the voices around.

"He is alive?".

"Come on boy, open your eyes."

"We need a doctor!"

Six was silent, preparing. When his strength returned and he felt his head less light, he attacked.

The men shouted, but he felt pleasure. When the flames covered his arms, Six smiled. One of the men tried to approach and he blew out one of the windows. The group threw themselves on the ground at his feet and it gave him pleasure. The motherfuckers were going to suffer like he had suffered. They were going to regret what they had done.

Six would avenge her death.

The men continued to speak, but he did not hear. Too blinded by the pleasure of seeing the terror in their eyes, he exploded another window just for pleasure. But when he approached the man who had never treated him badly, he heard something.

"Hey! Hey, big boy!".

He turned and lost his breath.

Six had never seen... someone like her. Black and curly hair. Large green eyes that stared at him without fear. She did not look shocked by the fire in his arms. And unlike someone sensible, she did not run away. The girl came over and smiled, making his stomach clench.

Suddenly she reached out and he froze. A pretty little face would not fool him.

"No, no, no! I do not have any weapons, I promise! Please, I just want to show you something!" She said and for some reason, he trusted her.

Then she showed him the arm and the fire was extinguished. It had been years since he'd seen that mark on someone else. And she did not look scared at all when Six showed her his own tattoo.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Six. I'm Seven."

Seven. So that was her name. That was the name they had given her, her number. It was hard to believe she was like him. Seven did not look dangerous or violent. She did not look like a freak, an anomaly, a mistake. She did not look like a monster that had to be contained and hidden.

"Now, why do you need to scare them like that? The poor guys are pissing in their pants," Seven joked. Her laughter was beautiful, but Six did not respond. He could speak, but he could not remember the last time he had opened his mouth to speak any words. Years, maybe.

"Uh, you're not very talkative, are you?" She said. She reached out and offered it to him. "Come on, let's get you out of here. It's a lot more fun out there."

Six did not take her hand, but followed. The men behind them stood up, still scared, but Seven ignored them and so did Six. He still wanted to kill them, but he would go wherever she went. He would trust Seven.

When the fresh air hit his face, Six closed his eyes. He had never been in such an open place. The amount of oxygen was so great that he staggered a little.

"I know," Seven murmured with a small smile. "It's scary, is not it?"

He opened his eyes and looked at her, that was smiling.

"When I left, I was too desperate to enjoy the world around me. When I finally got to relax... Wow, right? Want to see something even better? Look up".

He did as she asked and lost his breath. Above them there were millions of bright spots illuminating the sky. A huge circle shone brighter than all.

"It's the moon," explained the girl. "It's beautiful, is not it?"

Suddenly a man approached them both. Six took a step forward and stepped a little in front of Seven.

"It's all right! This is the Hopper," said Seven. "He is my friend. Hopper, this is Six."

The sheriff reached out, but Six just looked at him. He did not know what 'friend' meant, but Seven was like him. He did not know how she managed to escape or when, but if she had spent a quarter of what they did to him, Six knew she would not get involved with those horrible men.

If these people were not the ones who tortured him, who were they?

"Some doctors have arrived, we need to see if he's injured," Hopper said. Six walked back and pulled Seven with him. No, no doctors. These motherfuckers would not touch a finger on him.

"No, Six, it's okay!" Said Seven, pinning her feet to the floor. "They will not hurt us! I promise, they just want to see if you're okay. "

Six shook his head. No, not in this life.

"Seven, we need this fast," Hopper said. "Someone called the bastards in the media. We have to leave before they arrive."

"Six, please, I need you to let the doctors see you," Seven begged. Six stopped trying to pull away, but remained paralyzed. "What if I go with you? Do you let them see you? I will not let them hurt you. "

Six held a chuckle. A little thing like she would protect him?

One of the men he had attacked earlier approached, not looking happy.

"You need to leave now," he barked. "The journalists are close. Those motherfuckers will fall on top of us like wolves. "

"What are you going to tell them?" Seven asked.

"It's confidential, so I can have them arrested if they insisted a lot. But we've made up a story. Do not worry about it, but you have to get out of here right now. "

-Oo-

They arrived in a low-key hotel, but far better than the ones that Seven and Hopper had stayed in last year. The sheriff let them go ahead as he realized that the boy only trusted Seven.

"Well, the room is pretty cool," the girl said as they entered. "Better than the places I've been sleeping."

She threw a large suitcase on the floor and turned to him.

"You do not look hurt. In fact, you look pretty healthy. How did you get so many muscles?" She asked. When Six raised an eyebrow, she punched him in the shoulder. "You pervert, I'm curious. They barely fed me when I was stuck, you look healthy enough."

When she received only a shrug in response, Seven gave up. She was not going to hear him speak for a long time, if he could speak.

"All right then, big boy" she said with a laugh and led him into the bathroom. "Well, you better take a shower. I brought you some things to wear, I did not expect you to be so big, but it should fit."

She approached the shower, knowing he would not know the operation.

"Here, I'll adjust the water for you," she said. However, when she opened the shower, Six moved quickly. He pulled her away and pinned her to the wall. Seven stared at his back, startled.

"What the fuck?" she shouted. "What are you doing?"

Six, as usual, did not respond, but the girl noticed his paralyzed body and jaw contracted.

"What is it?" she asked in a quieter voice. He was much taller than she was, so looking over his shoulder was difficult. "What is wrong?"

"Water," Six answered for the first time. His voice was low and hoarse and it was strange to hear it for both of them. Six could not remember the sound of his own voice.

"Water? What's wrong with the water?"

"Danger".

Seven understood. Anyone would have needed more to understand what he meant, but being a person who has passed through the hands of those bastards, Seven could have an idea why the boy with fire powers had water trauma.

"Oh," she stammered. Then she stepped out from behind him and looked into his eyes. "Do not worry about it. The water will not hurt you, I promise."

She took his hand and stretched it out to the shower. Six resisted, but Seven murmured a slight, "Trust me". When the drops fell on his skin, he sighed. He had never felt the water in such a warm temperature.

"See, it's good," said Seven. She wet his hand and his arm, trying to make it more secure over the liquid. "I do not know what they did, but you will see that some things need not be feared. I'll let you take a shower".

When he saw she was about to leave, Six was a little desperate and grabbed her wrist.

"Stay," he murmured. The water still haunted him. The noise brought him flashbacks, his lungs ached and he felt he was drowning just from feeling his wet skin.

"Stay?!" exclaimed Seven looking a little shocked. "Oh no, big boy, I will not stay here while you shower. Our relationship has only two hours, we do not have this intimacy. "

When she saw that he had not understood her words and that he was far from releasing her, Seven sighed.

"Okay then, I'll stay... there in the room. I'm not going to close the door, I know it's a bit scary with the doors closed. But I'm going to be

a scream away, okay? "

-Oo-

As she heard the sound of water, Seven lost herself in her thoughts.

What did they do to Six to make him so afraid of the water? Seven could think of innumerable ways to make someone have trauma only from the sound of water and one was worse than the other. She felt compassion for him, for when she had left, she herself had a great dread of heights or sharp objects. Anything that could cause pain made her dizzy, frightened, with flashbacks passing in front of her eyes.

Someone knocked on the front door and Seven answered. Hopper was there with a sack of food.

"I thought you were going to be hungry," he said. The smell hit the girl's nostrils and she sighed, feeling her stomach growl. "I wanted to talk to you about some things, can I come in quickly?"

When the sheriff entered the room, he spoke again.

"I wanted to ask if you would mind spending the night here ... with him," he asked. Seven's eyes widened and she gasped, 'what?' "I know, sorry, the plan is for him to stay with me, but he seems to just be comfortable around you. I am afraid that if he stays with me or with any other agent, he will attack us or run away".

"Well ... I think that's fine," Seven answered. "He's quiet, not violent. I can spend the night here."

"Thank you for this, if anything happen just do what I taught you and punch him in the throat," Hopper chuckled. "One more thing ... Ted scoured the place and found a room that was empty, dusty, but had a bed and some drawings made by children. It did not seem to be used for years. "

"What do you mean?" Seven asked, stunned. "They do not move us from cell, I stayed the same for all my time there."

"I know, that's why I need you to talk to him. Perhaps it will convince

you to say something about it, of whom that room belonged. "

When Hopper left, the noise of water stopped. Seven turned to the bathroom, saying,

"Hey, Hopper left us some food. I think you-HOLY SHIT! "

Turning quickly, Seven covered her eyes. He was naked! Like, naked, no clothes, completely naked.

"My God, Six, why are you out of clothes?" She asked, her eyes closed, her face warm. My God!

He did not respond and she knew he did not understand her embarrassment. In the labs there was no privacy. They were treated like experiments, so often they had their clothes taken in front of everyone and they always had supervision when cleaning up.

"Okay, look, go back into the bathroom and cover yourself with a cloth hanging from the wall. It's called a towel. Please!".

Six did what was requested, extremely confusing, but finding it all very fun. For some reason she was uncomfortable with his naked vision and her red face made her lovely.

When he returned, now covered, he murmured:

"You can turn around."

Seven did, feeling her face still warm.

God, it would be a long night.

Hey guys! Just a short chapter for you to meet Six better! And in the next chapter certain children will be back to us!

Who is this mysterious person that Six wants to avenge death? I'd love to know what's going on in your head. And, omg, you guys already shipp Seven and Six! Yesss, i'm happy hahaha

Kisses 3

15. Chapter 14

"You got to be kidding me".

Dustin rolled his eyes at Lucas for the tenth time in less than five minutes.

Fridays were movie day a little over a year ago. The tradition was formed after Eleven fell in love with movies by watching "Sixteen Candles" with Mike almost two years ago, shortly after being saved. Her eyes flashed so brightly that her friends wanted to start taking her whenever they could.

Since then, every Friday the group of friends had been at Hawkins' small local theater to watch the movies. The problem is that the story was always repeated: El could watch the movies she liked and Lucas complained for days.

"Lucas, for the last time, we're going to watch "Pretty in Pink" no matter how much you complain about it."

"But that always happens!" Cried Lucas. "I love El, you know that and I love seeing her happy, but we always get fuck because she always chooses the movie and it's always something like that! "Sixteen Candles", "Pretty in Pink"!".

"And you expected something else?" Dustin asked with a raised eyebrow. "El already has Will's vote because they're siblings, Max always stays on her side because they have this girls' club thing and she just need to make those doggy eyes that Mike will always agree to watch whatever she wants. We are at a disadvantage."

"But it's the last week of "Back to the Future" on show!" Lucas argued.

"Let me guess," said a voice approaching. "Lucas is complaining again."

The two boys turned, sighed and muttered at the same time, "Hi Max!".

Max was the new member of the group. A year ago she had made

friends with Eleven, and the two became inseparable. Her personality and sympathy made her integrate with the boys quickly. Dustin and Lucas had a crush on her, though they did not admit it.

"Hi boys!" Max said with a smile. The lighting of the city center at night made her red hair shine and her blue eyes stood out. "Have you been waiting a long time?"

"Just about ten minutes," Lucas replied, smiling.

"Although it seems like an eternity with Lucas complaining," Dustin teased, getting an elbow in his ribs and Max's laugh.

"I was not complaining," Lucas defended himself. When Max raised an eyebrow, he sighed. "Alright, I was. It's just that I really wanted to watch "Back to the Future", but El won the vote again."

"The secret is not to care anymore," joked the girl. "Look, I'm not a fan of the movies that El likes, but how to say no to those puppy dog eyes? We can come watch another movie together later if you want ...".

"Yes! It would be great!" Exclaimed the boys at the same time.

At the same time, a car parked in front of them and Eleven and Will got out of the car.

"Thank you, mom!" Will said good-bye. "See you later!"

"Bye, dear, have a good movie!" Exclaimed Joyce waving and walking away.

Will smiled as he watched Max and Eleven together. They were so different that it was a bit shocking that they were so friendly. El loved romantic movies, flowery dresses and hair tiaras. Max wore clothes very much like those of the boys and hated any movie that did not have at least one explosion every five minutes. Despite that, they both performed incredibly well. If they met at random, one day Eleven went to visit the boys at school. She did not study with them because, although she already knew how to write, read, and speak much better than before, there was still much to learn. Will knew she loved her boy friends, but she needed a girl friend. Nancy had moved

to college, leaving El with no girls to talk.

"Sorry for the delay, Mom left later from work," he apologized.

"I just got here, too," Max smiled. "Where's Mike? The movie starts in five minutes. "

"He should be here by now," Eleven mumbled, glancing at her watch. At that moment, her eyes were covered by two very familiar hands. She smiled and exclaimed, "Mike!"

Mike smiled at his girlfriend and kissed her on the cheek.

"You look beautiful," he said, noting her yellow dress. El smiled back.

"My God," Lucas cried. "Do not make that night even more mellow. Let's just get this over with. "

El showed him her tongue and the rest of the group laughed. As they entered the theater, Will, Lucas and Dustin entered the room to guard the seats, while Mike, Eleven and Max were in charge of the popcorn. As they stood in line, Eleven felt a slight chill in her body, a feeling that had become very recurrent in the last days.

"What is it?" Mike asked, feeling her body tighten. He had his arm around her waist. "Are you alright?".

"It's that feeling again," Eleven said. "I still feel like something is happening."

"El, you do not have to worry so much," Mike said comfortingly. "Seven is fine, I'm sure."

"I can't not worry about it," El cried. "It's been over a year now and we have no news."

"I'm sure she's okay," Max said. "I did not know her, but just from the stories you told me I already know she's badass! I'm sure nothing can reach her. "

"Besides, she's with Sheriff Hopper," Mike said, rubbing his girlfriend's back. "He's also a guy who always saves himself. The two

are a great duo. "

With a sigh, Eleven nodded and her hair loosened slightly from the clasp. They were about shoulder height.

"Well, well, well," muttered a voice behind them. "Look who we have here."

Mike held up not to let out a frustrated sigh. If there was one thing he knew, he could not stand that voice anymore.

"Hello Troy," said Max sarcastically. "It's always so nice to meet you, like when we cut our feet in glass. Wonderful".

"Shut up," Troy growled. "I did not come to spend my time with you losers."

"Fine, then each one goes one way," Mike replied.

The girl next to Troy's nose was steep and watched Eleven with a slight disgust.

"Who is this?" she asked as if Eleven were not there. "I've never seen her in school."

"She does not study with us," laughed Troy. "She's too stupid for that."

"Okay, enough," Mike said, his blood boiling. He stood in front of El and faced Troy. Puberty had done very well with his height. Troy was still stronger, but Mike was much taller than he was, too tall even for a fifteen-year-old. "You do not talk to her like that! Go away now, Troy. Before I lose my patience. "

"And you're going to do what?" Troy said, moving closer to Mike. "Hit me? This I would like to see. I would break you before you touched me. "

Suddenly, things happened very fast. Before Mike could respond, Troy fell back hard on the pedestal that was arranging the line. His girlfriend gave a little squeal and Mike smiled slightly.

"Come on, I do not want you to miss the movie," he said, grabbing

El's hand.

They retired and went to the movie theater, with Max talking at all times:

"That's why I love you so much, El! I'd love to be able to make that damn asshole fly by in the air! "

"I'm sorry for the things he said," Mike whispered as they entered the dark room. "He's an jerk and just talks shit. You know that, right? "

"Do not worry, Mike," El answered, giving him a little kiss on the chin. "Troy is an asshole. My brain has learned to ignore the things he says. "

The two of them sat together, ignoring their friends' complaints about not buying the popcorn and giggling a bit when Dustin and Lucas got up at the same time for Max to sit down. Mike wrapped his arms around Eleven and smiled at her.

Being honest, watching that movie was the last thing he wanted. But whenever he saw the smile on Eleven's lips, the tedious hours were worth it. She had been deprived of many things throughout her life and Mike would have made sure that from now on she would always get what made her happy.

-O-

"God, I thought it would never end!" Lucas wept as the group left the theater. "I give up! Next week I choose the movie! "

"Oh," El said before pouting. "It was not so bad. It was beautiful!".

"Oh no, do not you dare!" Said Lucas, pointing his finger at her. "Do not come with your pout and brown eyes on me, El! I refuse to fall for this after you made me be the "Wizard of Oz" Tin Man on the last Halloween! "

A car parked near the group, cutting their laughter. Joyce lowered the glass and looked a little worried.

"Hi Mom," Will said. "We're done-".

"I need you to get in the car!" Joyce said. "Your mother called me, Mike. She said to bring you all to your house. She said it was urgent!"

When they arrived at the Wheeler's, they found Karen a little wild in the living room.

"Oh you're here!" she exclaimed. "Quick, you need to see this."

As she shifted her focus to the television, Eleven lost the air of her lungs.

The paper showed a somewhat destroyed power laboratory. Upstairs was a huge black stain near the windows, which could only have been made with fire. Police officers were scattered around the lawn and people wearing lab coats were being stuffed into cars.

"A shocking discovery was made by FBI agents inside this energy lab," one reporter said. "We do not know for sure what actually happened, but our team spoke with the lead agent in the case, Ted Moore."

The camera cut to a man with a steady nose.

"We found a serious case of illegal testing," he said. "We have had reports from reliable sources that energy labs were being used to mask illegal drug testing on humans, especially children. We believe that there are others spread throughout the country, but we are still not sure of its location. "

Eleven felt her legs weak and fell to her knees on the floor, her fall cushioned by the carpet.

"How long has this been going on?" The reporter asked. "Was the government aware of this atrocity?"

"There's no connection between the tests and the United States government," Ted said looking annoyed. "We are sure that this was all being supported by private money and that it has nothing to do with the government. We do not know for sure how long this has occurred, the victim we rescued is about nineteen years old, but we can not be sure. "

"And what will happen to the victim?" The reporter insisted. "You said you believed there were other places like this. What is the next step? Are people in danger? "

"There's no reason to panic," Ted said more and more frustratedly. "The victim has already been withdrawn and is being taken care of by the best professionals. We will continue our searches and would appreciate any complaints that may be made. Anyone who believe to be aware of the location of other laboratories, please contact us. No more questions".

The reporter still followed him, shouting about how that would affect the worldview on the country, mainly by the Soviet question, but Eleven did not listen.

"El, are you okay?" Mike asked kneeling beside her.

"They found it," she whispered. Then she turned to her boyfriend with tears in her eyes. "They saved someone!"

The room exploded into celebrations. Mike hugged her tight, almost crying with her.

"Damn, they did it! They did it! "Shouted Dustin.

"Do you think that means they're coming back?" Will asked.

"This is surreal. Who did they save? What will be the number? "Asked Lucas.

"It'll be all right," Mike murmured in El's ear. "It's all going to be over soon, El, I promise."

-O-

Seven frowned as she watched Six eat.

"You know there's something called cutlery, right?" she asked with a twisted nose as the boy shoved more pasta into his mouth, the sauce dripping down his fingers.

Six just looked at her without answering. Seven stopped caring. Three

hours with him were enough to know that he was the quiet guy.

"Alright then, just do not stain the sheets," she said. It was already the third dish he ate, which made her a little appalled. When he finished, she continued to say, "I need to talk to you about something."

He wiped his dirty hands on the towel and she widened her eyes.

"No! Do not wipe ... Oh forget it. Hopper asked me to ask you about something they saw there where you were stuck. They found an empty room, but with drawings inside. When I was in prison I was in the same cell all the time, so I figured maybe ... Well, maybe there was someone else with you. "

Six looked at her, appraising her.

"How you go?" He asked ignoring her question.

"What?".

"How did you get out of there?" He repeated.

"I was lucky" Seven explained. "A guard said he would help me get away, but he just wanted to hurt me. It was he who turned off the cameras to be able to do this, but I attacked him. Then I ran and found the exit. I was saved by a lady who was driving by. "

"Is he dead?" Six asked, looking into her eyes. "The guard. Did you kill him? "

Seven was uncomfortable, but she knew he was evaluating her. To entrust his secrets to her, she needed to trust her secrets to him.

When Seven nodded, Six smiled.

"Good," he murmured with a somber smile. "How? You're small. "

"I shoved a scalpel into his chest"

Six laughed lightly.

"Luck. You're small. He could have hurt you"

"I would not count on it," said Seven. "That's my power, you know? My ability. I'll heal myself. Any injuries that provoke me, it's never fatal. "

His eyes flashed with interest.

"Show me!" He ordered.

"We really need to train your manners," said Seven. "Say "please" would not kill you. Let's do it like this, you tell me who was the person that lived in the room and I'll show you my skill."

Six remained silent for a long time, until finally he murmured,

"Five."

"Five? Who is Five? Did he live with you? "

"She," Six continued. "She lived with me. Siblings".

"Were you siblings?" Seven asked, her eyes widening.

"Same eyes, the same brand," muttered Six, showing a small birthmark on his shoulder.

"Twins," Seven whispered to herself. God, she would never have imagined that was possible. She had never thought of twins! "And what happened to her? Where is she?".

"Dead," Six growled, staring at the wall. His muscles tensed and he clenched his jaw. Seven swallowed dry.

"How did she die?" she asked softly.

"They killed her."

The silence that stretched out was the worst Seven had ever witnessed.

"Why would they do such a thing?" she asked.

"She was useless," Six answered. "It was what they called her. She did not have ... abilities. "

"What?!" exclaimed Seven. Six looked down at his own feet.

"She was normal," he said. "They did not like it. They tried to make her... like me. Did not work. They killed her. "

"Holy fucking shit" sighed Seven. "Holy fucking shit! What the fuck is that? "

"You talk about it a lot," Six noted. "What does it mean?".

"It's an expression. It is not polite to say it, actually. I can not control myself when I'm surprised, sorry. "

"I do not care," said Six. "Say what you want, when you want."

"That's why you talk so well," Seven understood. She was standing now, pacing back and forth. "It's easier to learn to communicate when you have company."

"They talked to her," Six explained. "They talked to her more than talked to me. Five taught me the words."

"God, Six," Seven sighed, sitting in front of him and taking his hands. "I'm sorry this happened to you."

Six just shrugged in answer. Why was she apologizing? It was not her fault.

"What happens now?" He asked. "Where are you taking me?"

"I do not know," the girl answered truthfully. "Our life in the last year has come down to finding someone. Now that we have ... I do not know. The media must have already leaked the story, so now it's going to be a worldwide scandal. The scientists will flee, so it will be even harder to find them. Ted's probably going to take care of everything and put Hopper and I on the sidelines because he's a dick. Do you want to know where I want to go? "

"Where?".

"To Hawkins," smiled the girl. "It's a small town many hours from here, days by car. There was a lab there too, and there's Eleven. She

is like us, but much younger. I mean, when I left her she was about thirteen, it hurts me a little to think she's going to do fifteen soon. "

"Does she have powers too?"

"Powers you can not imagine," answered Seven, so anxious that she could not sit still. "There are boys, too. Will, Mike, Lucas and Dustin! Oh! And Nancy, Jonathan and even Steve, though he has the worst taste for hairstyles in history. I have not seen them for over a year, so who knows? "

They both smiled at each other, until Six took her hand and said,

"I'm excited to meet them."

Hi guys! Thanks for the favorites and the followers! You are amazing. Stay tuned in the parallel fanfiction because the next chapter is about how Max and El met!

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